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MODEL DIALOGUES

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, AND CHARADES SUITABLE FOR ALL GRADES OF PERFORMERS

Compiled by

William M. Clark

PHILADELPHIA

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1917

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PREFACE.

WE once heard of a strategic movement which an old schoolmaster made one day to secure the good behavior and attention of his pupils. He appealed to them in this wise:

"Children," said he, "if you will be very attentive and recite your lessons well to-day, I shall show you a great curiosity this evening before dismissing school. This curious article which I shall permit you to see is so wonderful that no person has ever seen it before, not even myself, and after once seeing it no one will ever have an opportunity afforded of seeing it again."

The announcement had its desired effect. Never had such quietness reigned within the walls of that old school-house during school hours, and never had

there been such perfect recitations made. At noon-time and recess the ordinary games were neglected to talk and wonder over the remarkable thing which their eyes were to behold that day.

At last evening came, and the restlessness of the youthful throng was only augmented by their efforts to restrain it. The last class for the day had recited, the bell had tapped for attention, and there was attention such as that bell seldom brought. The old schoolmaster then reached into the depths of his breeches' pocket and brought forth a contraband article, seized from a boy during school hours the day before—namely, a shell-bark hickory-nut. Placing it between his teeth, he crushed the shell, and a moment afterward held up the kernel before his open-eyed pupils, and said:

"Children, you have been very good to-day, and I show you this kernel. It is something no one ever saw before, and"—placing it in his mouth—"no one will ever see it again! You are dismissed!"

We have read many a preface in which are heralded, in a very humble and modest way, the wondrous excellencies of the pages which are to

follow, that has turned out to be only the cunning ruse of the old schoolmaster, after all!

In preparing and sending out this work, we do not claim that its like for excellence has never appeared before, nor can ever be expected again. We have attempted, at the earnest solicitation of many teachers and young people, to supply a demand, and we submit MODEL DIALOGUES as the result of our efforts, with the hope that it may meet the wants of the public in this direction.

There have been brought together, out of some five or six hundred manuscripts examined, the best contributions from more than thirty writers, many of whom are well known in the field of American literature. In the selection, we think there will be found represented almost every phase of emotion and sentiment. Preference has generally been given to pictures of the cheerful and humorous side of life rather than to those of the melancholy, the pharisaical, or the sentimental. In some instances, a bit of ridicule has been so cleverly put, that it will enable certain classes of folks to see themselves as others see them, more effectually than by any other means.

We do not expect that every Dialogue in this

book will please *every body*, simply because tastes differ in this kind of composition as in all others; but we feel assured that there will be found in the wide range of subjects and great variety of style presented, something suitable for almost any occasion where a Dialogue would be in order.

WILLIAM M. CLARK.

PHILADELPHIA,
March 16th, 1874.

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MODEL DIALOGUES.

WORTH BEFORE SHOW.

CHARACTERS:—GEORGE SHAW, FRED SHAW, } Cousins, attending Academy.
LOUIS HORTON, a hired boy.
UNCLE JOHN, George and Fred's rich relation.

SCENE.—Interior of a room in GEORGE and FRED'S boarding house. FRED and LOUIS discovered.

LOUIS—(*With book in hand trying to study,* FRED *attempting to interrupt him*)—I wish you wouldn't bother me so. I can't half study.

FRED—And what difference does your high-mightiness think that makes to me? I guess I have a right to do as I want to. (GEORGE *enters frantically waving a letter over his head.*) Halloo, George! You act as though somebody had left you a legacy, or something equal to it.

GEORGE—And so there has. Read this, wont you? (*gives letter,*) and then tell me if my fortune isn't made. Oh, but it's glorious!

FRED—(*Reading*)—"My dearest Nephews—(Why that's me too.) Your Uncle John, whom we all supposed lost at sea many years ago, has returned at last, worth, nobody knows how many millions. He wants to adopt a son and heir, and is coming to see you both in two or three days. Do your best to step into his good graces, for on this visit

will depend, perhaps, your future good fortunes. The little money that your parents bequeathed to you was long ago spent, and this sudden reverse in money matters has crippled my means, so that I can do nothing further for you. I will tell you beforehand, to be on your guard, as he is very eccentric, and often takes a very sudden like or dislike to anybody. In haste, AUNT JULIA."

Well, this *is* a stroke of good fortune. Let me see, (*refers to letter,*) why he *may* be here this very day, this very hour, this very *minute*, as it were! (*Begins to arrange his clothes.*) Am I presentable, George?

GEORGE—(*Putting hands in pocket, and looking contemptuously at* FRED)—Oh, fiddle-de-dee! I guess he wont care much for *dandies*. (*Complacently.*) *I* intend to put *my* best foot forward.

FRED—(*Scornfully glancing down at* GEORGE'S *feet.*)—Please don't hide the rest of us.

GEORGE—Oh, my! we are *some*, aren't we!

LOUIS—Come, boys, don't quarrel.

FRED—I'd like to know what right you have to say anything about it. (*Contemptuously.*) My Uncle John wouldn't even look at a poor errand boy like *you*.

LOUIS—I neither expect nor desire him to. I intend to work my own way in the world independently of *any* one's looks; but if you'll take my advice, neither of you would put on too much style, but act in your own natural manner.

FRED—I wonder, George, (*looking at* LOUIS,) how long it is since we managed to crowd such an immense amount of wisdom into one cranium?

LOUIS—I merely wished to give my honest opinion, but I fear I shall be forced to seek less disagreeable company.

GEORGE—Oh, ho, ho! Our errand boy is going to leave us, is he? Now that is *too* good. Whew! (*as* UNCLE

JOHN *enters, bent and tottering, representing an old man in search of work.*) What does this old fellow want here?

FRED—(*to* GEORGE)—Let's have some fun with him. (*Striking an attitude in front of* UNCLE JOHN.) My antiquated friend, whence comest thou, and wherefore?

UNCLE JOHN—(*Speaking in a faint voice*)—Young gentlemen, can you tell me if I am on the right road to the Academy? I was told that the young masters George and Frederick Shaw would hire a person.

GEORGE—(*Mimickingly*)—And you wish to be that person, hey, my seedy-looking friend? If so, we are the "young masters."

UNCLE JOHN—And might I ask for the situation?

FRED—(*Mimickingly*)—You might.

LOUIS—Nonsense, boys, don't bother him.

GEORGE—You hold your tongue, wont you? and don't interfere with what's none of your business.

FRED—I say, George, he must be trying to imitate Cupid's bow, by the way his back is bent.

GEORGE—My ancient friend, if you'll secure an engagement as a "circus clown," they will cure you of that.

UNCLE JOHN—(*A little angrily*)—If the young gentlemen don't wish to give me the place, let them say so, and I will try another place.

LOUIS—My friend, the place is already filled. They hired me several weeks ago. Somebody has cruelly misinformed you.

[UNCLE JOHN *turns to go, but* GEORGE *and* FRED *wink at each other, and each take hold of him to detain him.*]

GEORGE—Oh, come now, we can't let you go just yet; your society is altogether *too* fascinating.

[LOUIS *suddenly comes forward, and taking their hands from* UNCLE JOHN, *takes him by the hand.*]

LOUIS—Come, my friend, I will take you where I think you *can* find work.

GEORGE and FRED—(*Attempting to regain their hold on* UNCLE JOHN)—That's cool!

LOUIS—(*Suddenly turning and facing them*)—See here, boys; I've stood it about as long as I can, and I wont see a helpless old man ridiculed and abused. Whoever touches him will first have to conquer me; so *there!* (*Assuming a defiant attitude.*)

FRED—(*Sneeringly*)—Ho! Turned prize fighter, hey?

UNCLE JOHN—(*Straightening up and throwing off all disguise*)—*I*, too, have stood it as long as I can.

[GEORGE *and* FRED *have meanwhile been looking in amazement at* LOUIS, *and now seem thunderstruck at the change in* UNCLE JOHN.]

UNCLE JOHN—You seem *surprised.* Know then that I am your Uncle John.

FRED and GEORGE—*You!*

UNCLE JOHN—Yes, I! I was afraid (and it seems my fears were well founded), that if I came before you first, in my real character, I should have no chance to test yours. So I assumed the disguise you saw. I am perfectly satisfied with my experiment. I trust that "the fun" you have had with the "antiquated friend," will repay you for the *pecuniary* loss you will sustain.

FRED—Uncle John, we are heartily ashamed of ourselves, and ask your forgiveness for our foolish conduct.

UNCLE JOHN—I hope, my boys, that you will always find pardon as freely as I grant it now; none know better than I how to pity and forgive the errors of youth. I will bear all the expenses of a thorough education for you both, and help you to master any trade or profession you may choose; but further than that, you need expect nothing from me—at least, until you have shown your worthiness

of it by such evidence as only an entire reformation in your character can give.

GEORGE—Uncle, your kindness is far greater than we deserve.

UNCLE JOHN—As for Louis, (*turning to him,*) in him I discover the son of the dearest friend I ever had. Him I shall adopt as my own child; for I am convinced, from what I have seen of him, that neither riches nor honor will make him despise his poorer and humbler neighbors.

LOUIS—But, sir—

UNCLE JOHN—I will have you, and none other; and I hope you will take for your motto, as I did years ago, "Worth before Show."

[*Curtain.*]

THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

CHARACTERS:—DICK JONES, a Newsboy.
JOHN DUFFICKS, a Bootblack.
MRS. MULRAVEY, an Apple-woman.

SCENE I.—A room scantily furnished. DICK JONES and JOHN DUFFICKS discovered.

DICK—Well, John, how many boots did you shine to-day?

JOHN—Let me see. Two times nine are eighteen. Eighteen boots—nine *pairs* of boots.

DICK—A better day's work than you did yesterday.

JOHN—Yes; yesterday was a dull day, but business was pretty brisk to-day. How many papers did you sell?

DICK—Oh, it was a slow day for me! Only sold a few papers. Nobody wanted to buy. I tell you, John, we will have to make a raise in some way, or leave this splendid room of ours, and go out and locate on the street

JOHN—You don't say so! Why, what's up? Has old Smith been around again?

DICK—Yes; he was here a few minutes before you came in, and he said we would have to pay up in two days or step out. And he said it, too, in a very surly sort of a way. What's to be done? We can't make more than will keep us alive—we can't raise money enough to purchase any new clothes, although we need them sadly enough. But we could get along if we could but pay the rent and keep the room. Ah! John, it is sad to have neither money nor friends.

JOHN—That's true, Dick, but we needn't get down in the mouth about it. Let us work and go forward and trust that it will all come out right. If we do our best we can do no more. Providence will take care of the rest.

DICK—Why, John, you talk like a preacher.

JOHN—You know I have been going to Sunday-school, and of course I should learn something. My teacher told me that, last Sunday, and I suppose he ought to know about these things.

DICK—You always were a hopeful sort of a boy, and it was a lucky day for me when I fell in with you. We have messed together in this old room for nearly a year, and all that time you have been cheerful and contented.

JOHN—It isn't necessary to be cast down because troubles overtake us.

DICK—Sunday-school teacher told you that too, didn't he?

JOHN—Yes; he says a great many things in the course of the lesson which are a benefit to me.

DICK—I think I shall go one of these days. Do you think they would let me in?

JOHN—You know they would. I have asked you several times to go with me, but you have always refused.

DICK—Well, I'll refuse no longer. If going to Sunday-school makes a fellow happy and cheerful I will go. I want a lesson or two in those branches. But how about the rent? We must pay up inside of two days or step out, and I am sure I do not want to be pitched out now when Winter is coming on. If it was the month of July now, I wouldn't growl. Old Smith could have his rickety old room, and we could get along comfortably outside. I wonder why it is that rich people like old Smith are so very mean. Now if I had a million dollars I would provide comfortable rooms for every newsboy and bootblack in this city.

JOHN—I believe you, Dick, but you haven't the million, and so you can't provide the rooms. Well, we must do the best we can, and trust in Providence for the rest. The rent due amounts to ten dollars. I have one dollar.

DICK—And I have fifty cents. I ought to have a pair of shoes.

JOHN—And I ought to have a coat.

DICK—And I would prefer better boarding, but we can get along on slim boarding.

JOHN—And with an old coat.

DICK—And a pair of old shoes, if we can but settle with old Smith. (*Knock at the door.*)

JOHN—I wonder who wants to visit us.

DICK—Probably some person from one of the other rooms, or it may be that Jack Harley has come down to spend the evening with us. (DICK *opens door. Enter* MRS. MULRAVEY.) Why, granny, is it you?

MRS. MULRAVEY—Yis; I thought I'd jist step in to see how ye's was a gittin' along.

JOHN—And I'm sure we are very glad to see you, granny. Take this seat. (*Places chair.*) Our furniture isn't grand, as you will see.

MRS. MULRAVEY—Ah, my b'ys, there's many paple like ye's that have to git along with shabby furniture.

DICK—Well, we will soon have to occupy a larger room, and then we will have no furniture but the lamp posts and door steps; and for pictures on the wall we will have to look upon the stars. They will twinkle beautifully on cold nights. Oh, wont we be happy!

MRS. MULRAVEY—What d'ye mane, my b'y? Is ould Smith goin' to turn ye's out av house and home?

DICK—Yes; he was here this evening, and he said that we would have to pay up in two days or step out. Now, we'd prefer to stay here rather than step out; but as I have but fifty cents, and John has but one dollar, I don't see how it is possible for us to stay.

MRS. MULRAVEY—The ould rascal! It is very onhandy to be poor, but it must be a tirrible thing to be rich and grasping. Well, my b'ys, I was jist a thinkin' that mebbe ye's wud be gittin' into diffikilty av that kind, fur I knowed that Smith had been here, an' I jist stepped in to tell ye's that if ye naded ony help about payin' the rint I could assist ye's some.

DICK—You!

JOHN—You, Mrs. Mulravey!

MRS. MULRAVEY—Ye seem to be considerably astonished. Yis; I am only an ould apple-woman, but I have a little money laid up. Not very much, I know, but I kin help ye's pay the rint.

DICK—Oh, Mrs. Mulravey, we will thank you so much!

JOHN—But I don't know as we should take it. It may be a long time before we can replace it.

MRS. MULRAVEY—I'll trust ye's. Ye are good b'ys, and I have no fears. (*Rises and hands money.*) Here's twilve dollars—pay the rint and buy something to eat. Good-bye now; I may come in to-morrow. (*Going.*)

JOHN—Oh, Mrs. Mulravey, we thank you for your assistance.

MRS. MULRAVEY—No thanks. It 's all right, my b'ys. Good-bye. [*Exit* MRS. MULRAVEY.

SCENE II.—One year is supposed to have elapsed. MRS. MULRAVEY discovered seated in a chair unable to rise.

MRS. MULRAVEY—Alack a day! This is a sad wurruld. I suppose I'll have to give up intirely and go to the poor-house. I thought I had money enough to kape me the rist of me days, but it is all gone now, an' I have scarcely enough food in my house to kape me alive until the-morrow. (*Knock at the door.*) Who can be comin' now? I suppose it is the landlord come to turn me out. Come in.

Enter JOHN DUFFICKS.

JOHN—(*Going up and taking* MRS. MULRAVEY'S *hand.*) How do you do, Mrs Mulravey? Don't you know me?

MRS. MULRAVEY—No—yis—I declare it is John Dufficks.

JOHN—I see you have not forgotten me, and I have not forgotten you. You seem to be unwell.

MRS. MULRAVEY—Alas, yis! I'm done now—clane, intirely gone—and ixpecting soon to go to the poor-house.

JOHN—Mrs. Mulravey, you shall never go there. I am afraid I have stayed away too long, but I did not suppose you were in need. I have been out of the city for nearly a year.

MRS. MULRAVEY—I did git along well enough until a few wakes ago, whin my nephew Frederic Ray got all my money and ran away with it. I had enough laid up to live comfortably on the rist of my days, but it is all gone now, and I am intirely distitute.

JOHN—You shall not want for anything. I have got a nice situation, and can make money enough to keep both of us if we do not live extravagantly.

MRS. MULRAVEY—Bless ye, my b'y. Ye are a noble lad. But I can't ixpect ye to kape me.

JOHN—But I intend to keep you anyhow. You did me a favor once, and I haven't quite forgotten it. You received the money, I suppose, after I left the city?

MRS. MULRAVEY—Yis; but it all wint the same way. Fred Ray got it all. (*Knock at door.*) Bless me! Another visitor. Will ye open the door, John? (*John opens door.*)

Enter DICK JONES.

JOHN—Hello, Dick! Is it you?

DICK—My eyes! if it isn't John Dufficks! (*They shake hands.*) Why, I thought you were so very much disgusted with the city you would never return.

JOHN—And I thought the same of you. But I returned to see our old friend Mrs. Mulravey, and it appears that I have come in the nick of time.

DICK—(*Advancing and taking* MRS. MULRAVEY'S *hand*)—I am glad to see you, Mrs. Mulravey, but sorry to find that you are ill.

MRS. MULRAVEY—Ye's are both good b'ys to remimber me. May ye's always be prosperous and happy.

JOHN—Dick, Mrs. Mulravey has met with a loss. Her nephew has taken her money and made himself scarce.

DICK—Indeed! The young rascal! Well, Mrs. Mulravey, I have obtained a good situation, and I can assist you some. You once paid the rent for John and me—now we can pay the rent for you, and glad to do it, besides—aren't we, John?

JOHN—Yes. "One good turn deserves another."
(JOHN *and* DICK *stand on each side of* MRS. MULRAVEY.)
MRS. MULRAVEY—Noble b'ys! May God bless ye's for your kindness to *The Old Apple Woman.*

[*Curtain.*]

THE OUTLAW.

CHARACTERS:—JESSIE, the Governor's Daughter.
EVA, Cousin to JESSIE.
CHLOE and DAVE, Slaves at the Governor's Mansion.
ITALIAN, Blanche, Wife of the Outlaw.

SCENE.—A shady park or dell. JESSIE discovered seated alone.

Enter CHLOE.

JESSIE—Chloe, what brings you here?—quick, let me know.
I left you sick in bed an hour ago.

CHLOE—Please, Missus, do not scold your faithful slave;
I came to weep o'er young Mas'r Robert's grave.

JESSIE—*His* grave! And can you weep for Robert Brand,
Whose name sent terror through our sunny land?

CHLOE—Missus, the black girl found in him a friend,
He told her of a life that has no end.

JESSIE—He was a *villain*, Chloe, spurned by all,
Yet may we hope God heard his latest call.

CHLOE—*I* only know that he was good to Chlo',
And I would find his grave—please let me go.

Enter EVA, *with lilies.*

JESSIE—Why, precious pet, come quickly here and tell
What wild adventure led *you* to the dell.
(*Takes her upon her lap.*)

EVA—Hush, Jessie, do! I stole away from Dave,
To plant these flowers on Robert Brand's rude grave.

JESSIE—Whose? Robert Brand's the outlaw? Child, beware!
No good will come of planting lilies there.

EVA—But good *will* follow; they will grow so fair,
Angels will come and weave their garlands there.

JESSIE—Hush, child! if this should reach your father's ear,
You'd try a week of prison fare, I fear.

EVA—I do not fear my father's angry frown.
But see; these lilies droop—*please* put me down.

JESSIE—Go! little wild enthusiast, but mind,
The flowers you set, an early fate may find. (*Goes out.*)
Ah! here comes Dave, with wreaths of amaranth bloom;
Must *they, too,* deck the fair young outlaw's tomb?

Enter DAVE, *with garlands.*

DAVE—Mornin', Miss Jessie! Can you show old Dave
The shortest cut to reach Mas'r Robert's grave?

JESSIE—(*Pointing*)—That path leads to it. But pray tell me where
You got these amaranth blooms so choice and rare.

DAVE—Worked for 'em, Missus; fac', I'd hoe all night
For him who taught old Dave his soul was white.
(*Goes out.*)

Enter ITALIAN, *with harp.*

ITALIAN—Lady, a minstrel boy from Italy's strand
Would lay his harp beside Sir Robert Brand.

JESSIE—And has the dark Italian dared the wave,
To lay his cherished harp above *his* grave?

ITALIAN—Aye, lady; I had dared a wilder sea,
If from the ban I could have set him free.

JESSIE—A hunted outlaw was this Robert Brand,
Who roved a year in *your* bright sunny land.

ITALIAN—A firmer foot ne'er trod Italia's shore,
Nor braver spirit crossed the dark waves o'er.

JESSIE—He wooed and won the daughter of an earl,
Then broke her heart, I trow; the slavish churl.

ITALIAN—Yet would I weep my very life away,
If tears could waft the spirit to its clay.

JESSIE—Nay, nay, dark minstrel, leave him with his God,
And thou—bow meekly to the chast'ning rod.

ITALIAN—*My life* shall end where Robert Brand's was given,
The spirit *can not* bend when crushed and riven.

JESSIE—(*Sadly*)—Alas, dark stranger; did you love him so?
Then I've a something that may ease your woe.

ITALIAN—What is it? Quick! That tone fresh courage gives.
O tell me Robert Brand, the outlaw, lives!

JESSIE—He lives—within a dungeon's darkest walls,
Where not a gleam of sunlight ever falls.

ITALIAN—*I'll* enter, and my smiles will light his cell.
Thank heaven, he *lives!* *He lives!* O heart, 'tis well.

JESSIE—The people think him dead, and child and slave
Strew flowers to-day above an empty grave.

ITALIAN—Why feign his death, why make an empty tomb
For those he loved to scatter tears and bloom?

JESSIE—The mob would drag him forth to worse than death—
But why this paleness, why this labored breath?

ITALIAN—A faintness seizes me!—Thank heaven, 'tis past.
(*Aside.*) Yes, I will tell her all. Why should this last?

JESSIE—My father, sir, could break the captive's chain,
And lead him forth to liberty again.

ITALIAN—And will he speak the word which sets him free,
Giving back hope and happiness to me?

JESSIE—May I make bold to ask, poor minstrel boy,
Why on *his* liberty depends *your* joy?

ITALIAN—I'll trust you, Miss. Beneath this minstrel guise,
A woman's heart is breaking with her sighs.

JESSIE—Impossible! Your bearded lip belies
The words you utter Sir, *you speak but lies.*

ITALIAN—'Twas love and fear impelled my sex to hide—
Girl, see before you BLANCHE, *the outlaw's bride.*
(*Removes false mustache and cap.*)

[*Curtain.*]

A ROSE AND A THORN.

CHARACTERS:—JOHN THORN.
ROSE, his Wife.
PEGGY, his Wife's Sister.
AUNT JANE.

SCENE.—Tidy room. ROSE discovered sitting, very neatly dressed.

ROSE—Peggy! Peggy! Come here!

PEGGY—What now?

ROSE—John will be here in a few minutes; bring in the lamp; and hurry, Peggy, you are too slow for anything!

PEGGY—(*Moving slowly to the door.*)—I'll bring the lamp, but I don't feel like breaking my neck for Johnny Thorn! (*Goes out.*)

ROSE—(*Following her to the door*)—Peggy, I wish you would speak a little more respectful of my husband. There are very few men like him.

JOHN—(*Enters*)—Hey! hey! Here it is again; no light, Rose. I want a light; I want it this minute, and I wont wait for it, either.

ROSE—(*Quietly*)—Peggy is getting one.

JOHN—(*Sarcastically*)—Ah, is she? Your sister is bringing a light, is she? Then I shall look for it some time next week, for she's no akin to chain lightning.

ROSE—I wish, John, you would speak more kindly of my sister. She don't, I know, rush about like some folks.

slashing and breaking. (*A sound of breaking glass in the kitchen, and cries of* "Oh! oh!" *from Peggy. Rose rushing to the door.*) My good lamp! Oh, my good lamp!

JOHN—You careless, good for nothing—

ROSE—(*Turning to John*)—Johnny Thorn, I'm surprised at you. Careless, indeed! Peggy is not careless! Good for nothing, indeed, and your own wife's own sister!

JOHN—(*Furiously*)—A light! my kingdom for a light! I'll go out and give that piece of blundering slowness a bit of my mind! I will so!

[*He rushes out, and* PEGGY *slips in unseen by him.*]

ROSE—Oh, Peggy, I can't stand this; that's the third lamp since Christmas.

PEGGY—I say it is n't, and besides, I'm glad it's broken, just to plague that precious bird of Paradise, that husband of yours—the stingy monster.

ROSE—Stingy! Are you beside yourself, girl. Johnny Thorn stingy! My dear husband stingy! He's as generous as a mortal can be.

PEGGY—And so sweet-tempered.

ROSE—Yes, he is sweet-tempered. No saint could put up with you; you're a blundering, aggravating creature.

[*Here* JOHN *comes in with a large potato hollowed, into which is stuck a tallow candle. As he strides in,* PEGGY *again slips out unseen by him.*]

JOHN—That charming sister of yours could n't be found, Mrs. Thorn. I missed her presence extremely, she's so ornamental.

ROSE—Johnny Thorn, do you want to drive me distracted? A pretty row to make about a paltry lamp. I wish you'd try and be pleasant to poor Peggy, she's such an estimable girl.

JOHN—(*Setting the potato on a stand in the center of the room and eyeing it complacently*)—There now is my candle-

stick, and from henceforth I'll have no other sort. What do you think of that, my dear madam?

ROSE—(*Raising her hands*)—Lovely, lovely; so unique, so chaste, so new, and so durable. (*Walking around the stand.*) Lovely from all points of view, and the light is truly "grand, gloomy and peculiar." Mr. Thorn, I'll tell you what, I'll carry your idea out now. I intend to have hollowed out pumpkins for wash-bowls and pitchers; I'll scoop out a few turnips for coffee cups; I'll have a dug-out beet for a preserve-dish, and to-morrow morning, your honor, I'll give you your buckwheat cakes off cabbage leaves.

JOHN—(*Who is by this time reading his newspaper, says, looking up*)—It's very cold out doors, to-night, which makes it seem more pleasant within.

ROSE—Rather hot. (*Taking up a stocking and beginning to darn.*)

[PEGGY *comes in and takes a seat in the corner with her knitting.*]

ROSE—Mr. Thorn, do read to me. I never get time to read for myself. I may just sit and darn, and darn, and darn, and hear nothing.

JOHN—You say I read through my nose, and you can't bear it.

ROSE—Well, I say it again; you do read through your nose.

JOHN—No, no; you said I read too fast—that was it.

ROSE—Oh, what matter what it was! Do read!

JOHN—(*Reading*)—"An exchange gives us this horrible account of a mad-dog—"

ROSE—John, John, are you going to kill me? You know I can't endure tales of horror.

PEGGY—I wanted to hear that.

JOHN—Well, Peggy, I'd like to gratify you, but—

ROSE—You'll gratify me by keeping still, if you can't read something interesting.

JOHN—Ha, ha, ha! Here it is. "A certain philosopher gives as a reason why women have no beards, that they never could have held their tongues long enough to be shaved." Ha! ha! ha.

ROSE—That is wonderful, truly wonderful. Why, Johnny Thorn, that precious item has been in the papers ever since I can remember, and has likely been a staple paragraph for the last hundred years. A pretty philosopher he must have been that said all that himself. I wonder who darned his stockings for him! I wonder how long he lived after he said that. For my part, I wonder how anybody can laugh at such nonsense. I'd no more laugh at that, Johnny Thorn, than I'd laugh at our old cat's *meow*.

PEGGY—I thought it was funny.

ROSE—Oh Peggy, be still. I want John to lay that paper aside and talk to me. John, tell me something, do now, while I darn your dear old pair of stockings.

JOHN—Did you hear about Mrs. Brown and her daughter starting for a drive, and the horses dashing down Green street before they were caught, and nobody hurt?

ROSE—Oh, no! I never heard a word of it; do tell all about it.

JOHN—That's all.

ROSE—Johnny Thorn, you *are* the most provoking man alive. I hate to have every thing all in a breath.

PEGGY—Now, that's just what I like in John's stories, he doesn't keep one in suspense.

ROSE—Peggy, hush! If it was not for me, you'd just have John puffed up with conceit.

[*Here* JOHN, *snuffing the candle with his fingers, burns them;* PEGGY *giggles.*]

JOHN—I believe I've some grease on my hands; I'll go and wash them. (*Goes out.*)

PEGGY—I'm glad he's likely to get enough of his tallow candle; it did me good to see him burn his fingers. There's another lamp out there. If he would have behaved himself, I'd have brought it in.

ROSE—Then go and get it this instant. I intend my husband to be comfortable. Peggy, if you had a husband, you would know something of a wife's feelings.

PEGGY—Very likely; but before I'd have a husband like yours, I'd be an old maid for ever.

(*Goes for the lamp.*)

JOHN—(*Passing her at the door*)—What is your amiable sister saying about being an old maid?

ROSE—She has decided to be one.

JOHN—Yes, five years ago.

ROSE—John, my sister is only twenty-five and a half years of age, and, sir, she has had the best of offers, the very best.

[JOHN *whistles as* PEGGY *comes in with the lamp.*]

ROSE—(*Adjusting the lamp on the table*)—John, dear, do tell us how it was about those old relics out at Grant's farm?

JOHN—(*Leaning back in his chair*)—Well, last Wednesday, three men (and I think their names were Robert Williams, James Johnson and Josiah Higgins), with hats, and coats, and trowsers, and boots on, started out early in the morning, with shovels on their shoulders, and began to dig a cellar. First, one man put in his shovel and took up a shovel-full of earth, and then another man put in his shovel and took up another shovel-full of earth, and then another man put in his shovel—(*While he repeats this over some ten times more,* ROSE *watches him intently, and throws her stocking in one direction, her ball in another,*

and then exclaims:)—John, Johnny Thorn, Mr. Thorn, what do you mean? Will you never stop?

JOHN—You complain of my making my stories too short, so I thought I'd give you all the particulars; and it will take me some time to get all this earth away, for it was not till the cellar—

ROSE—(*Springing to her feet*)—Keep your particulars to your self. I don't like to be made fun of; I don't think it's kind. (*Begins to cry.*)

PEGGY—Neither do I.

ROSE—Peggy, go to bed.

Enter AUNT JANE, *an old lady in shawl and bonnet.*

AUNT JANE—Stay, Peggy. How are you, Peggy? And, dear Rose, how are you? And, John, bless you, how are you? (*Shaking hands all round.*) You wrote me such glowing descriptions of your love for each other, and your domestic felicity, that I came to see it. I've overheard all you have said this evening, and so I've been writing it down as a drama, and I'll have some of our smart school boys and girls act it the next exhibition, and let you see how you look. There may be others there like yourselves that it will benefit.

[*Curtain.*]

AUNT JEMIMA'S MONEY.

CHARACTERS:—AUNT JEMIMA HOLDFAST, a rich Lady.
KATE and MARY LOVEJOY, her Nieces.
SARAH BOUNCE, a Domestic.

SCENE.—A room in MR. LOVEJOY'S house. Enter KATE, reading a letter.

KATE—I declare how unfortunate it is! Aunt Jemima Holdfast is coming here to take a look at her nieces, and

to decide, I suppose, which of us shall inherit her property. It's well I heard of it, or my temper might have got me into trouble. But I'll be as sweet as honey when *she's* about; she shall think I'm but little short of a saint. What is it her letter says? (*Looking at it.*) That "she will be here on Thursday." Why, bless me, that's to-day; how provoking! Sarah! Sarah Bounce!

SARAH—(*Within*)—Coming! Coming!

KATE—It's always the way with old ladies; they think you can get ready for them in no time. If it wasn't for her money, I fancy I'd turn the cold shoulder on her. Sarah! I say, Sarah!

SARAH—Coming, Miss.

Enter SARAH.

KATE—What did you answer "coming" for, you hussy, when you stayed stock still all the time? I'll teach you to answer respectfully. (*Boxing* SARAH'S *ears.*)

SARAH—I beg pardon, Miss, but I was setting the table.

KATE—That's a likely story. I don't believe a word of it, not one word. I saw you talking with the butcher boy half the morning.

SARAH—But, Miss—

KATE—Don't you contradict me! Look here, Sarah, there'll be trouble if that fellow hangs round here any more.

SARAH—(*Wiping her eyes with her apron*)—Tom's a good lad, Miss, he never says much; he's precious quiet.

KATE—Don't be a fool, Sarah Bounce. (*Shaking her.*) There's something else to be done besides talking with butcher boys. My Aunt Jemima is coming here to-day. (SARAH *curtsies.*) And do you see that the front room is aired and swept, and every thing arranged, do you hear?

SARAH—Yes, Miss. Please, Tom's a very clever—

KATE—Don't say another word about him. I can't and wont hear it. Do as I tell you, and see that you do it well! (*Exit* SARAH.) That girl does try me so. It would take a saint to get along with her. (*Enter* MARY.) Ah, Mary, I suppose you've heard the news?

MARY—News? I have heard nothing.

KATE—(*Aside*)—I wish she never might! If there's any thing I dread, it's her quiet, lady-like manners and habitual gentleness. Those qualities are sure to catch aunt's attention. She likes no one so well as your "good girl," who is always dusting the room, and making herself useful. But I'll show her a thing or two during the old lady's visit! (*Aloud.*) Aunt Jemima is coming here to-day.

MARY—To-day? Oh, how glad I am!

KATE—(*Aside*)—The little stupid! (*Aloud.*) Yes, to-day; she will probably be here very soon, as the train is now due. Her letter miscarried, so we didn't hear before. For my part, I think she's a regular nuisance. I hate old ladies; they want such an everlasting waiting upon!

MARY—Oh, Kate! when Aunt Jemima has been so kind to us.

KATE—I don't care, I hate 'em just the same. Now, Mary, don't be lazy; just dust this room, and fix the chairs, and make things look decent. I'll sit down and watch for aunt. (MARY *arranges the furniture, and* KATE *looks out of the window.*) There's an old lady coming this way with three bags, an umbrella, and half a dozen paper parcels. Mary Lovejoy, I do believe it's Aunt Jemima! (*Looks again.*) It is, sure enough! Mary, throw me a duster. (*Aside.*) She must find me busy. (KATE *begins dusting and arranging furniture very briskly.*)

Enter AUNT JEMIMA.

AUNT J.—How do you do, girls? Here I am! It's been an awful long journey, and I came precious near losing my hair trunk; but I believe, (*Looking about at her luggage,*) that I've got every thing, though the hackman did cheat me.

KATE—(*Embracing her aunt*)—Oh, dear aunt, I'm so rejoiced to see you! (*Aside.*) She's bound to stay a month, if she stays a day. I see it in her looks and her baggage.

AUNT J.—And I'm glad to see you, Kate. I perceive you're busy with your domestic cares; that's my good girl!

KATE—It's such a pleasure for me to do housework, dear aunt. I so love to be busy. (*Aside.*) There's one lie.

AUNT J.—And, Mary, how you have grown! I should hardly remember you. Are you, too, as fond of work as your sister?

MARY—I'm ready to play once in a while, aunt, and I think Kate—

KATE—(*Aside to* MARY)—Mary Lovejoy, if you tell aunt about me, I'll have my revenge. (*Aloud.*) Dear aunt, we both of us love to work. Mary and I are very happy together.

AUNT J.—Just as it should be. I used to tell old Mrs. Peters that I never knew two better behaved girls—though I said it who shouldn't say it—than my own two nieces, and when I die—

KATE—(*Putting her handkerchief to her face*)—Oh, aunt, don't say that, it distresses me so.

AUNT J.—You're an affectionate little thing, my dear; but you know very well what I mean?

KATE—(*Aside*)—Ah, that I do!

AUNT J.—And now, my dear, I think I will go upstairs, and if one of you will help me—

KATE—(*Coming forward eagerly and assisting her aunt with boxes, etc.*)—Dear aunt, let me assist you. I do so love to be useful.

AUNT J.—You're a kind, obliging girl, Kate.

[*They go out.*

MARY—What has come over her? I never saw her so pleasant and agreeable to any one, though she said herself she disliked Aunt Jemima. What can it mean?

Enter SARAH BOUNCE, *crying.*

SARAH—Oh, Miss, Miss Kate has been boxing my ears, and I—I think I must leave the place.

MARY—Leave! Why, Sarah, what is the matter?

SARAH—(*Wiping her eyes*)—Miss Kate nearly murdered me for telling your aunt that I arranged her room, though I did do it, surely, with my own two hands, and—and—oh, dear me!

MARY—And what else, Sarah?

SARAH—(*Twisting her apron*)—It's about Tom, Miss.

MARY—And who's Tom, pray?

SARAH—He's a clever young man, that lives across the street. He's the butcher's boy, Miss, and—and, (*Sobbing,*) Miss Kate said I mustn't have any thing to do with him; and, indeed, he's a very nice young man.

MARY—(*Laughing*)—Yes; I've noticed the young fellow you speak of—

SARAH—(*Interrupting*)—And isn't he a fine young boy?

MARY—I certainly see no harm in him, Sarah.

Enter KATE.

KATE—There, I've got rid of the old lady. I thought she'd keep me for ever with the tiresome story of her

journey. Look here, Sarah Bounce, don't you ever tell my aunt again that you did anything for her. Always say it was Miss Kate; now mind.

SARAH—But, sure, Miss, I did arrange her room all myself.

KATE—(*Stamping her foot*)—Don't tell that to me. For all practical purposes I arranged it; and when I wink at you, as I did up stairs, you just hold your tongue. Do you understand?

SARAH—I think things have come to a pretty pass, when a poor girl has to have her ears boxed, and tells lies for her Missis. [*Exit* SARAH *grumbling.*

MARY—Kate, it seems to me you're rather hard on poor Sarah.

KATE—Does that concern you, Miss Mary? I'm the older, and I'll manage to suit myself. Ah, here's our precious aunt coming. (*Aside.*) Now for my sweet smile and pleasant look.

Enter AUNT JEMIMA.

AUNT J.—My dear girls, I have been admiring the arrangement of your rooms. Every thing is so neat and pleasant!

KATE—I strive to keep things orderly, aunt. I'm always up early.

AUNT J.—A very good habit, my dear; I always used to tell Mrs. Peters—

KATE—(*Aside*)—Oh, that tiresome woman!

AUNT J.—I used to say that my husband was one of the promptest men that ever lived, and I believe he was. Moreover, your plants are in a flourishing condition.

KATE—Ah, yes, I so love flowers! I water them regularly.

[MARY *stares, but* KATE *makes signs for her to keep silent.*]

SARAH—(*Looking in*)—Please, Miss, the baker's here.

KATE—Oh, come in, dear Sarah! (*Aside to* AUNT.) We treat Sarah almost as a companion. (*Aloud.*) Ah, Sarah, the baker?

SARAH—Yes, Miss; and what shall I tell him?

KATE—I will come and see, dear Sarah. (*Aside to* SARAH.) Did n't I tell you never to come into the room in that way? I don't care about the baker; you know Miss Mary attends to the provisions. (*Boxes her ears.*) Now, mind, don't you ever do it again. (*Aloud.*) Come, Mary, if aunt will excuse us a moment, we will attend to these household cares. You see we're as busy as bees, Aunt Jemima. [*Exeunt* SARAH, MARY *and* KATE.

AUNT J.—Certainly I have two very agreeable nieces. How charming Kate is! So watchful for my comfort, so kind and obliging! Yes, I'm determined that my money shall go to her. She is a fine girl, and will make good use of it. I always told Mrs. Peters that I would n't leave my little property to any of these acadamies or asylums; but to some good, true girl, who should use it well. Mary is too silent. I don't like these cautious girls; give me one who is as open as the day—that is Kate. And yet I should like to make a trial of them. I might stay here weeks, and never come to a real understanding of their natures. Can't I hit upon some plan that shall discover their real characters? (*Meditates a moment.*) I have it! Slight things often turn the scales. I will try it this very day. [*Exit* AUNT.

Enter MARY *and* KATE.

KATE—So the tiresome old lady is gone. I'm glad of it. It's such a "strain on the mind" to talk to her.

MARY—But she is very kind, Kate. I'm sure we ought to oblige her in every thing.

KATE—Nonsense! I never saw such a disagreeable old lady in my life! There's only one respectable thing about her.

MARY—Why, what do you mean?

KATE—Her fortune, to be sure.

MARY—Oh, Kate Lovejoy!

KATE—(*With a sneer*)—Yes, her fortune! Do you think I care for the old lady herself? Not I, I'm not such a fool; but of course I must keep on the right side of her.

MARY—You mustn't talk so, Kate, it's wicked.

KATE—Wicked or not, it's the truth. So don't begin a sermon. I can't bear it.

Enter SARAH.

SARAH—There's a woman at the door who wants to see you, Miss Kate.

KATE—And pray, what sort of a woman?

SARAH—A poor woman, Miss, who wants to get some sewing.

KATE—Tell her to go about her business, and not come to me. I wont encourage beggars!

SARAH—(*Aside*)—I thought as much. (*About to go.*)

MARY—Oh, no, Sarah, tell her to come in. She may be in real want, and it would be cruel to turn her away. Let her come in. [*Exit* SARAH.

KATE—Well, if you will have all the old women in town tied to your apron strings, well and good. I wash my hands of them.

MARY—It is our duty, Kate, to help the poor.

KATE—Nonsense! Give me that novel. (MARY *hands her a book.*) I don't care for your poor old women. I've got something better to do.

Enter SARAH, *followed by* AUNT JEMIMA, *disguised as a poor woman.*

SARAH—There, Mim, sit down and be comfortable. The young ladies will hear you.

KATE—Indeed we wont. I don't encourage impostors. Didn't I tell you, Sarah, never to let in beggars? You're an impudent huzzy, Sarah Bounce, and you shall pack to-morrow!

MARY—My good woman, Sarah tells me you wish to secure sewing?

AUNT J.—Yes, ma'am. I am too proud to beg, but I can work.

KATE—(*With a sneer*)—Humph! that's a likely story. I guess she's one of these genteel beggars. I don't believe a word she says!

MARY—Kate, be charitable at least. This poor woman does not seem like an impostor; and, besides, I would rather be once mistaken, than to be for ever suspicious.

KATE—Humph! I can't afford to be cheated. I want all my money to buy ribbons and dresses. But perhaps when old Aunt Jemima dies—

MARY—Oh, hush, Kate; don't speak so. My good woman, I have a little plain sewing that I will give you.

KATE—You'll never see it again if you give it to her, I'll warrant!

SARAH—Though it's nothing to me, Miss, yet I think you're rather hard on the poor woman.

KATE—(*Sharply*)—Did I ask you to speak, Sarah Bounce? You have got me into enough trouble to-day, with telling aunt that you arranged her room, when I winked for you to say it was my doing; and then telling me about the baker. You know I'm ignorant of house-

hold matters. Miss Mary always looks after them. You shall pack to-morrow, Sarah Bounce.

SARAH—Please, Miss, I didn't mean to be impertinent.

KATE—You shall leave to-morrow. I wont lose aunt's property through your blunders.

MARY—It pains me to hear you talk so, Kate.

KATE—Oh, how good we are! But I can tell you, Miss Mary, that aunt's feelings are in my favor just now, and I shall cut you out entirely.

MARY—I never thought of that, Kate. I shall always love her, whatever happens. And now, my good woman, I will go and get the sewing.

AUNT J.—(*Rising and throwing off her disguise*)—There is no need of that. I am an impostor, Kate, as you have said. My nieces, I hope you will pardon this little subterfuge; it was to try your characters. I am sorry to say, Kate, that you have been found wanting.

SARAH—(*Laughing*)—La, me! who'd have thought it? my oh! wont that be fun? Miss Kate will come down a peg or two, I fancy.

KATE—(*Confusedly*)—I—I—if I had only known, aunt—

AUNT J.—If you had known—ah, yes. But I came in disguise for that very reason, that I might find you off your guard, and thus discover the real characters of my nieces. You, Kate, were kind and obliging when you thought you could gain something by your good temper; but I have learned by this little stratagem that there are many serious faults which need correction, while you, Mary, have proved to be gentle, kind, loving and charitable.

SARAH—And that she is, ma'am. She never boxes my ears like Miss Kate, and she's very kind to Tom, is Miss Mary.

AUNT J.—You're a good girl, Sarah Bounce, and when Miss Mary becomes the heiress of my little property, there shall be a comfortable little allowance for you and this young Tom.

SARAH—(*Courtseying*)—As clever a fellow as you'd find in a summer, ma'am!

AUNT J.—And I hope that at last—as I have always told Mrs. Peters—some good may come from Aunt Jemima's money.

THE LOST CHILD.

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

CHARACTERS:—TERENCE O'BRIEN, a Dispenser of Clams.
ABIJAH SQUASHVINE, a cute son of Vermont.
JACOB SAEURPHIZ, a belligerent Teuton.
ALEXIS FEVRE, a perplexed, but polite native of *la belle France.*
BRIDGET O'BRIEN, Ruler of the Roost.

SCENE.—A street.

Enter BRIDGET *and* TERENCE O'BRIEN, *R.**

TERENCE—Och, be aisy now, darlint! Don't I tell yees the b'y don't be wid me all the day? How would I be bodderin meself with the lookin' afther him and me peddlin' clams all the mornin', which I only sold a bushel, the quarther of that, too, was cabbages.

BRIDGET—Ye're an unfalin' wretch, Teddy O'Brien, an' I say it to yer face. Just yees wait till I ketch ye aslape on the doorstep wid a broomstick in me fist. Me, which might have married Patrick O'Flanagan, what drives a ash cart, an' it's quite illigant he is wid his foine horse and long whiskers, an' not be workin' the bones out of me flesh for a rascally clam-peddler.

* R=Right of stage, C=Center, L=Left.

TERENCE—An' why didn't ye say so tin years ago, Bridget, an' save me a dale of throuble?

BRIDGET—Throuble! That's it, ye lazy gossoon! Throuble! An' me starvin' meself to kape ye in whiskey and praties. It's a shmall bit of throuble ye take fur yer chil'ren wid one of 'em sthrayin', the polaceman don't know where and he aint sartain. A foine lad is my Hugh, which took intirely afther his mother, an' not a bit afther his lazy old dad. An' it's loike enough he slid out of the house afther yees, Teddy, while ye was sellin' yer clams, an' at this very moment he may be lyin' drownded dead on the top of the say. Ye're a baste, Teddy O'Brien! Why don't yees roon about and look for the darlint, and not be standin' starin' there loike a sthuck pig?

TERENCE—Arrah, now, didn't yees tell me would I stay wid yees, an' how will I be lookin' round?

BRIDGET—Och, ye good-for-nothin'! Is it only one thing at a time ye can be doin'? Go long wid yees, an' ax the first man ye mate if he's put eyes on our b'y, if ye don't see the first man, ax the nixt one. Git along now.

TERENCE—Yis, Bridget; ye're betther minded, I belave. [*Exit, L.*

BRIDGET—Oh wurrah, wurrah! Sorra's the day I lose my Hugh, the little pest! As lovely a child for his age as ye iver saw. Loike enough he's been roond over wid the say or drownded by the stame cars—the murtherin' things—an' me his own mother niver near him to console him with a batin.

Enter ABIJAH SQUASHVINE, *R.*

BRIDGET—Oh, sur, have ye seen the loikes of a b'y, which he is shmall for his size an' a foine bright spakin eye loike his mother's? Shure an' he's strayed away somewhere, an' most disthracted I am.

ABIJAH—Wall, I dun'no. What kind of a chap was he? Kinder small like, p'raps, with punkin hair and freckles. Should n't wonder.

BRIDGET—Yis; oh yis! But his hair is jist like the lafe of a rid cabbage, which I can't deny is very beautchtiful, an' his face is as bright as the top of the mornin' whin it's washed. Oh, where have yees seen him? Relave a mother's suspense, an' lave me get at him wid a stick.

ABIJAH—Should n't wonder naow ef his jacket was considerable tore and kinder the wuss for wear.

BRIDGET—So it was! So it was! But a very good jacket it were, an' cost me siventy-five cints, for which I owes Mrs. Maloney to this very day, which hit me in the eye wid a pratie, an' 'll have to wait for the money. Shure, it was a good jacket, wid a slit in the side made by the pig, whin the b'y was full of his foon and poked his eye wid a stick. The blessin' of heaven upon ye, where is he?

ABIJAH—Wall, I calc'late I can't tell ye.

BRIDGET—Arrah! Go long wid yer palaverin', de cavin' a dacint woman starvin' for a sight of her b'y! But say, misther, will yees have the koindness to ax the first man ye sees, and be a comfort to a poor fatherless mother in her throuble?

ABIJAH—Yes, *ma'am!* I guess yer can call on Bije Squashvine when yer want help. I'll hunt fur yer young'un ef I lose a day's mowin'.

BRIDGET—Thank ye, sur, an' may ye live to kick the man that thramples on yer grave! [*Exit, R.*

Enter TERENCE O'BRIEN, *L.*

TERENCE—Tell me, misther, have yees seen a shmall bit of a b'y, lookin' kinder as if he did n't live where he

do now, which ye will know him by his not lookin' a bit loike me, but more loike his mother?

ABIJAH—Sho! Yeou don't say! What yeou lost a young'un tew? Wall, I had kinder an idee of askin' ye abeout a stray brat myself.

TERENCE—Whist! An' have yees lost a childer too? Ah, wurrah, musha, it's a hard summer for children!

ABIJAH—No; I ain't lost one of my youngsters; I ain't got none to lose; I was just lookin' abeout, careless like, for some'un who had. What kind of a lookin' chap is your'n? Red-headed, with his phiz kivered with freckles?

TERENCE—The very same!

ABIJAH—Guess he had a jacket purty far gone, didn't he?

TERENCE—So he did!

ABIJAH—Purty small for his age?

TERENCE—Yis; he's young for his years; but where is he? Say! Let me take him home by the ear, an' prevint the old woman from doin' the same to me.

ABIJAH—I hain't seen him.

TERENCE—Bad luck to ye! What do yees be raisin' the hopes of a poor clam-peddler, wid a scoldin' wife, wid the loikes of that? Have marcy on me poor back, and jist help me look for him, will yees?

ABIJAH—Guess I can look fur tew young'uns well's one. [*Exit, L.*

Enter ALEXIS FEVRE, *R.*

TERENCE—Plase, sur, will ye have the koindness to inform me whether have yees put yer eyes on the loikes of a lost b'y, an' if yees don't, where was he?

ALEXIS—*Pardon, Monsieur, je ne vous comprend pas.*

TERENCE—What's that ye're sayin'? Pa? Yis; I'm his dad, if that's what ye mane.

ALEXIS—Excuse, sare, my meestake. I have not pareceive dat it is you who speak ze English.

TERENCE—Faix an' would yees have me talk Greek?

ALEXIS—*Non, non, Monsieur, je demande vôtre pardon.*

TERENCE—Pa Dong? Whist, man! My name's Pa. O'Brien, if ye plaze, Terence O'Brien. But have yees seen a child wanderin' round, lost loike?

ALEXIS—*Un enfant! Perdu!* No, sare, I regret it much, but I have not ze good fortune.

TERENCE—Well, thin, would ye do a poor, motherless father the favor of axin' the parsons ye mate whether they have come acrost him?

ALEXIS—Parsons? You mean ze priest, I suppose?

TERENCE—The praste? No; what would yees be afther throublin' the praste for? Ax the men, the women, an' the children, but don't be bodderin' the praste.

ALEXIS—*Oui; les femmes, les hommes, et les enfants. Très bien.*

TERENCE—Begorra, he's a parley-voo, shure enough!

[*Exit, L.*

Enter BRIDGET O'BRIEN, *R.*

BRIDGET—Oh, sur, will ye give a poor, lone, lorn forsaken woman the lone of yer hand?

ALEXIS—Madame, my hand, my head and my heart are at your service.

BRIDGET—Draw it mild, if ye plase; yer hand's enough. But tell me, honey, have ye seen my poor lost b'y, which I aint set eyes on since five o'clock this blissed mornin', and niver expect to agin till the day afther yesterday?

ALEXIS—Ah, madame, and is it that you too have lost *un petit enfant*—a little child?

BRIDGET—Do yees think I'm lyin' to ye?

ALEXIS—No, madame, no; it would be impossible; but you are in trouble; you have some grand affliction?

BRIDGET—No; it's only a bit of a could in me head. Tell me, will yees, have ye seen me b'y, the pride of his mother's heart, which he broke in paces intirely, by stalin' away loike a thafe, the ungrateful little bag-o'-bones? A foine lad, wid hair the color of rid cabbage, eyes of the same, which I would say blue, loike milkman's milk; an' his little overcoat made out of his dad's old vest, which the same he don't wear, it being summer-time, an' his face a little the worse for freckles, but he had an illigant new jacket, save a rip in the side and the buttons gone;—have ye seen him?

ALEXIS—No, madame; I am greatly sorrowful, but I have not.

BRIDGET—Well, thin, will ye kape the two eyes of ye open an' ax about him as ye go?

ALEXIS—Madame, I have but two eyes; they are yours, command me.

BRIDGET—An' what would I be commandin' the loikes of ye for? No, sir; I'll save that for Teddy, bad luck to the man, lazin' at home an' me wearin' the skin off me hands walkin' about lookin' for me lost child. Boo-hoo!

[*Exit, R.*

ALEXIS—*Ciel!* Ver strange country! I have only meet two persons dis mornin' and dey bot' lose dere children.

Enter ABIJAH SQUASHVINE, *L.*

ABIJAH—Say, 'Square—

ALEXIS—Tell me, sare—I beg ten tousand pardons. Proceed.

ABIJAH—Wall, I was just about to remark, have you seen—

ALEXIS—I was about to remark, also, have you seen—

ABIJAH—Tew children—

ALEXIS—Two children!—

ABIJAH—Just yeou look a-here naow, 'Squarc, what be you mimicking me so much for?

ALEXIS—Oh, no, monsieur. *Vous avez tort.* You meestake. I demand your pardon. Oblige me to proceed.

ABIJAH—Shan't dew nothin' of the kind; shall go on myself. Have yeou seen tew youngsters, red-headed, freckled-faced, with torn jackets, lookin' lost like?

ALEXIS—*Merci!* Ze very same interrogation which I would put to you. I am myself in quest of two children, wit' hair ze color of ze—of ze—lemon, faces some tarnished by ze sun, coat—frock torn—

ABIJAH—See here, stranger, s'posin' we quit; we can hunt for four red-headed young'uns's well as two; yeou take one trail and I'll take the other. It's gettin' excitin'. [*Exit, L.*

ALEXIS—*Sacrê-rê!* What a day for children!

[*Exit, R.*

Enter JACOB SAEURPHIZ, *holding on to his nose, L.*

JACOB—I should yust like to dake hold mit dose child, who blastered me in der nose mit a paked apple; I would make her walk mit de stairs down up the street mit a pig cane-stick. I yust gomes out to makes a little walk mit mineselves all alone together and I don't likes it.

Enter BRIDGET O'BRIEN, *R.*

BRIDGET—Is it ye, sur, can tell me where will I find me lost b'y, the pride of me heart, wid his merry blue eyes an' one of thim sore wid a blackin' bottle, hair the color of a rid cabbage, an' illigant curls wid a nice jacket on, some tore?

JACOB—I guess not somedimes; but yust as I toorned the corner house round mit der grocery-sdore on der oder side, I felt, oh my, what you dinks? A children hit me on der paked apple mit her nose.

BRIDGET—Go 'long wid yer foolin'.

[*Exit indignantly, R.*

Enter TERENCE O'BRIEN, *L.*

TERENCE—Musha, musha! What will I do! Oh, sur, help a poor lone man, wid the fear of the broomstick in his eye, an' jist give me a hist.

JACOB—Eh? What's him you say? What's der madder mit you anytimes? You have some cholicera, don't it?

TERENCE—I wish I was; but it's a dale worse. Tell me, have yees come acrost a poor, little wanderin' red-headed freckled b'y, wid his jacket tore, an' blue eyes wid the buttons gone?

JACOB—I dinks I don't get oop early in der morning enough. No, my friend; I don't seen your vreckled childer, and I don't vants do some more; I have met one der morning, and he beesh quite too much. I yust like to gatch holt mit her! [*Exit*, TERENCE, *R*

Enter ABIJAH SQUASHVINE, *L.*

ABIJAH—Wall, this business's gettin' monotonous, but I said I would, and I will. Hallo, 'Square!

JACOB—Hallo yourself, somedimes, so it wash!

ABIJAH—Yeou ha'n't seen four young'uns, four boys with carrot-colored hair, watery-blue eyes, yeller teeth, spotted complected, with torn jackets on and no boots, wanderin' abeout, miserlaneous-like, three of 'em huntin' for dads and the fourth for a mother,—have yer?

JACOB—What you dalking apout?

ABIJAH—I say, yeou ha'n't seen four lads, with freckled hair, blue teeth—

JACOB—You don't make some foolishness mit me if you drys; you petter get away somewheres, or I will kick you in der nose mit mine fist.

ABIJAH—No yer don't; my name's Abijah Squashvine, and you don't hit Bije if he knows it.

JACOB—I guess I dinks petter of him.

ABIJAH—That's right. Yeou ha'n't seen them children?

JACOB—*Nein.*

ABIJAH—Nine! Jerusha! No! I'm only responsible for four.

JACOB—I dells you, I don't have seen them, and I don't vants do.

ABIJAH—Wall, I wouldn't. Keep clear of the ring; I wish I was quit on't. [*Exit, L.*

JACOB—*Blitzen!* What a bad blace for der children! I guess I petter hold on mit mine own selves; folks gets lost mit so much uneasiness. I might stray afay somewheres and gouldn't find mineself.

Enter ALEXIS FEVRE, *R.*

ALEXIS—Is it necessary for me to spend ze remainder of my life in ze recovery of lost children? Ah! *Voilà! Un gentilhomme!* I will ask of him, and perhaps he will entangle ze mystery. Sare! Monsieur! I appear to you to give me ze aid in ze most sad affair. Six little—*petits*—children—

JACOB—Wash der man grazy? What you dalkin apout?

ALEXIS—Six little children! Lost! Lost! Lost! Oh, monsieur—

JACOB—Stop; I don't like dese nonsense.

ALEXIS—But, monsieur! Six little children wiz ze hair of ze color azure, ze face like ze cabbage, ze jacket ze pride of ze mozer's heart—

JACOB—You dinks you keep me standing here to make foon mit me? You petter dake some cares, or I strike you mit my foots. I haf enough of der children quite.

ALEXIS—But, monsieur, six little, small, tiny children—

JACOB—I don't gare for seventy-eleven childrens; I got sick mit der childrens; I peen asked apout some less than one dozen of childrens since I stand here.

ALEXIS—But, sare, have pity on ze six—

JACOB—You shuts oop, or you gets so mad mit me as what I wants to put your eye in my hand.

ALEXIS—But, monsieur—

JACOB—I can't stand on him some longer.

(*About to strike him.*)

Enter ABIJAH SQUASHVINE, *L.*

ABIJAH—Hold on, 'Square? What's the matter here?

JACOB—Madder? Too much madder! Do I gome to this goundry to be killed mit childrens? I stand here five minutes, and four beoples bodder me apout twelve childrens, dis man vants six of dem.

ABIJAH—I'll take tew off his hands; he can't help it, he's in the ring tew. But say, yeou ha'n't seen tew—

JACOB—*Donner und Blitzen! Nein!* I don't seen less dan no childrens at all. I besh blind in both eyes, and in der nose since der morning.

Enter BRIDGET O'BRIEN, *R.*

BRIDGET—Oh, gintlemin, have ye seen— Faix! I belave I've seen ye all, so I have.

JACOB—Dake der woman afay! Dake her afay!

BRIDGET—Begorra, what ails the man?

Enter TERENCE O'BRIEN, *R.*

Teddy, ye rascal, why don't yees be lookin' fur the chile an' not be gaddin' about wid yer hands in yer pockets?

TERENCE—Bridget, darlint, Mary Maloney says, would I tell yees if ye don't take yer b'y out of her ould garret, she'll break ivery hoop in the ould wash-tub ye lint her last Monday.

BRIDGET—Oh, wurrah, musha! What a stoopid I were! Shure, I locked the b'y in there this mornin' 'arly an' forgot all about it. Teddy, ye dunce, go on wid yer clam peddlin', an' don't stand there grinnin' loike a monkey.

ABIJAH—Say, was yeou tew huntin' after the same young'un?

BRIDGET—Shure, sir, his b'y's my b'y. I'm Bridget O'Brien, an' this is Teddy O'Brien, my old man. Make a bow, Teddy, ye ijit.

ABIJAH—I calc'late I see day light; the next time yeou lose your children, yeou'd better hunt for them in company. (*To* ALEXIS.) Found your tew young'uns, 'Square?

ALEXIS—Ah, monsieur, it was ze children of Madame De Brine dat I look for. But your errand? Is it accomplished?

ABIJAH—Wall, I feel small, but I'll own up; it was young O'Brien I was lookin' fur myself.

ALEXIS—I am very glad it is all settled.

ABIJAH—Feller-citizens! Bije Squashvine's goin' to adjourn.

JACOB—It must haf peen der yoong O'Prien who blas-

tered me in der nose. I will hit her out of der window if I gets holt mit him!

BRIDGET—Teddy, come away wid yer; I want to spake to yer sariously. Begorra, wont I wake the two of yees whin I get home.

TERENCE—She wants to spake wid the broomstick.

JACOB—I guess somebody gets good deal greater more fooled dan Jacob Saeurphiz; what you dinks? (*Exit all.*)

[*Curtain.*]

THE SEASONS.

This piece is to be spoken by four little girls, of about the same size. They should all be dressed in white, with wreaths and garlands appropriate to the season. They should be of green for SPRING and SUMMER, the former trimmed with buds, and the latter with full-blown flowers. AUTUMN should have a wreath and garland of bright autumn leaves. A trimming of the same on the dress-skirt adds to the effect. WINTER should have a fur tippet, etc.; white, with black spots, is best. If it can be obtained, a crown of swan's down is most suitable; otherwise a wreath of evergreen, decorated with simple white flowers will answer.

SPRING—(*Advancing*)—I am Spring, whose joyous hand
Covers with green again the land.
From off the ground, I melt the snow,
And cause the streams again to flow.
(*Takes her place at the farther end of the stage.*)

SUMMER—(*Advancing*)—Next Summer comes with flowers fair,
To scent with sweets the heated air.
I change Spring's buds to blossoms bright,
And clothe the earth with golden light.
(*Points to* SPRING *at the mention of her name, and takes her place beside her.*)

AUTUMN—(*Advancing*)—With ripened products of the soil,
I crown the glory of *their* toil.
With brightened leaves of verdure old,
I warn thee of stern Winter's cold.
(*Points to* WINTER, *who is advancing. At the word* THEIR, *indicates* SPRING *and* SUMMER.)

WINTER—(*Takes her place next to* AUTUMN *and says*)—
Yes; Winter brings cold frosts and snows;
Yet still I help in nature's growth.
With snow I warm the grass and grain,
Till Spring shall start them forth again.
(*Pointing to* SPRING.)

SPRING—Thus united we must be.
So, Summer, I will join to thee.
(*Joins hands with* SUMMER.)

SUMMER—And I, to Autumn, reach a hand,
To help to form the happy band.
(*Joins hands with* AUTUMN.)

AUTUMN—And I, who garner fruit and grain,
A friend to Winter, still remain.
(*Joins hands with* WINTER.)

WINTER—(*Advancing and joining hands with* SPRING)—And now we form a perfect ring,
As Winter comes round again to Spring.

ALL TOGETHER—Thus united we appear,
To form the whole, the happy year.

[*Curtain.*]

SCHOOLDAY.

A DRAMATIC CHARADE.

CHARACTERS:—MRS. GRANT, a young Wife.
BRIDGET, her Servant.
AUNTIE, an old Lady.
A Group of Children.

SCENE I.—A play-room. Group of children.

THE largest one mounts a low chair, and ringing a bell, says:

Are we all here? Then let us open our school by singing. (*Takes up a book and adds:*) What shall we sing? Mary Jane Smith, will you choose a hymn?

(*One* LITTLE GIRL *laughs aloud, whispering:*) Oh, what a funny name—ain't it fun to play school?

MARY JANE—(*Trying to keep a sober countenance*)—Please, ma'am, my mother always told me not to have anything to do with the hymns (hims).

A SMALL GIRL.—Please, teacher, let us sing America.

[*They attempt to sing, but fail, after the first two lines.*
TEACHER *holds her hands over her ears, shouting:*]

First class in spelling, come forward. (*Great confusion.* TEACHER *walking up and down, frowns in mock displeasure, stamping her foot.*) O, dear, our school never will be good for anything unless we maintain better order; we never can accomplish anything unless we have *order.* Now you are getting quiet, I am glad to see. (*Pointing to one of the group.*) Kathleen, I will call on you first; spell *rocket.*

KATHLEEN—(*Opening her mouth in wonder*)—Shure, ma'am, where is it?

TEACHER—Where's what?

KATHLEEN—Why the *cradle* and the *baby*, shure!

TEACHER—Cradle and baby! I didn't say anything about cradle and baby—are you crazy, Kathleen; didn't I say rocket?

KATHLEEN—Faith, ma'am, and whin my mither says to me "rock it," don't I know she means *rock* the *cradle*, and whin you calls out, ma'am, "rock it," shure and is it crazy ye call me for lookin' for the cradle—faith, and I think ye're crazy yourself.

TEACHER—O, dear, these raw Irish girls! They ought not to be allowed in our school if they haven't common sense.

KATHLEEN—(*Pretending to be very angry*)—Common *cents* is it, ye say? Faith, and I'll buy ye all wid my common cents some day, and my countrymen will bate ould America to nothing.

TEACHER—Dear me! Fanny Brown, can you spell rocket?

FANNY—Yes, ma'am, r-o-k-y-i-t.

TEACHER—What spelling! Mary Jones, will you tell me—can *you* spell that word?

MARY—Yes, ma'am. T-h-a-t w-o-r-d—that word.

TEACHER—There, there, I'm discouraged with such scholars—take your seats. Class in grammar, come forward. Take the sentence, "This school is pleasant." Jerusha Jones, what is the subject and what the predicate?

JERUSHA—Conundrum—give it up.

TEACHER—(*Apparently very angry*)—You do; well, I give up my position as teacher then, and pronounce this *school* as good for nothing; you are all dismissed.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—A parlor.

Enter MRS. GRANT.

MRS. GRANT—O, dear, what a lonely day this is! Harry is down town, and here I am left to entertain myself as best I can. I've read every book in the house—tried on all my pretty dresses, looked out of the window till tired, now I've nothing to do, and the day just begun. I think I'll write a letter. (*Opens a small writing desk, looks over its contents, suddenly exclaiming:*) Why that last box of paper is all gone! Now, what am I to do? Biddy will have to go and get me some. (*Touches a bell.*)

[BRIDGET, *appearing in the door wiping her hands on her apron, which is very wet.*]

MRS. GRANT—Well, Biddy, I suppose you haven't much to do, and can go of an errand for me, can't you?

BRIDGET—(*Angrily*)—Nothing to do, is it ye say? Why, ma'am, it's wash-day, and I up to my ears in suds; niver a bit of rest do I have—there's work for every day, washing, and ironing, and sweeping, and dusting—och, and I'm sick of it. Some day ye'll see me laving you, ma'am, and thin what'll ye be afther doing with your fine hands and know-nothing airs?

MRS. GRANT—Bridget, I will have no more of such talk—leave my presence, and go from this house instantly.

BRIDGET—*Presents*, ma'am. Would ye be afther accusing me of *stealing*—I niver in my life stole a pin's worth from ye, let alone one of yer wedding presents—

MRS. GRANT—(*Interrupting her*)—You did not understand me: I accuse you of nothing but impudence, and for that, you must leave the house.

[BRIDGET *crying, leaves the room.* MRS. GRANT *sinks on a chair and covers her face with her hands. There is a knock at the door, and a small boy delivers a note to* MRS. GRANT; *she opens it and reads:*]

DEAR MARY:—I shall bring an old friend home with me to dinner; look your prettiest, and have everything about the house as attractive as possible. Your loving husband,

HARRY.

MRS. GRANT—(*Wringing her hands*)—Oh, what shall I do! Bridget gone: company to dinner, and I alone, and perfectly ignorant of house-keeping. Oh, what an unfortunate day! Alas, if I had only learned how to keep house before I married, or if I had but taken a few lessons of Bridget! Oh, dear, what is that burning—I must go down in the kitchen and see what I can do—what an unfortunate day! [*Exit* MRS. GRANT.

Enter AUNTIE.

AUNTIE—I wonder where my dear Mary is; oh, hum. Harry got a sweet wife, but she doesn't know how to keep house; but she is a dear, good girl, and capable of making a noble, useful woman. I wonder where she is!

[MRS. GRANT *suddenly rushes in and throws herself in the old lady's arms.*]

MRS. GRANT—Oh, auntie, I'm so glad to see you. Bridget has gone and left me, and Harry is going to bring company home to dinner, (*Sobbing,*) what shall I do?

AUNTIE—(*Concealing a smile*)—Do, my dear; why go right to work and get dinner.

MRS. GRANT—(*Blushing*)—Oh, auntie, I don't know how, I couldn't even cook a potato. I've been trying, now, and I've burned my hand and torn my dress; and, oh, dear—this is such an unfortunate day.

AUNTIE—(*Patting her shoulder*)—No, dear, this shall be a pleasant and profitable day to you; I will show you how to get a nice dinner, and long before the gentlemen come, you shall be in readiness to receive them.

[MRS. GRANT *smiles faintly, and together they leave the room.*]

Enter BRIDGET.

BRIDGET—Shure and I could n't go and leave my pretty young mistress alone, and now I 'll just go down and tell her I'm sorry for my sauce, and want to go to work again —och, here they come, and the auntie with her.

Enter MRS. GRANT *and* AUNTIE.

AUNTIE—Yes, my dear, I will go out and order some chickens, and when I return we will commence operations.

MRS. GRANT—Why, auntie, here is Bridget!

BRIDGET—Yes, ma'am, will ye please forgive me, and let me work for you again?

MRS. GRANT—Yes, Biddy, and I shall have to take some lessons from you, and begin from this day a more useful life.

BIDDY—Bless your sweet face, and now I'll go for the chickens.

AUNTIE—(*Wiping her glasses*)—Ah this is a happy day for me.

TABLEAU.

BRIDGET with one hand on the door and the other wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. AUNTIE sitting in the easy chair, while her NIECE kneels beside her, clasping her wrinkled hands.

[*Curtain.*]

"HONEST AND HONORABLE."

CHARACTERS:—NANNIE ELDRIDGE, } Sisters.
LAURA ELDRIDGE, }
UNCLE JACOB, rich Relative.
MRS. BANKS.

SCENE I.—Small, scantily furnished room. NANNIE and LAURA ELDRIDGE talking together, the latter dressed to go out.

NANNIE—Ben wont be home till Saturday night, and the flour will be out by that time, and who is going to trust us for bread, and where is the money to come from to buy any? I have half a mind to go to Uncle Jacob and tell him just how it is with us, he surely would not refuse to aid us, although he was so opposed to papa's second marriage, and has never been near us since the funeral.

LAURA—What, Nannie! Go begging to Uncle Jacob? I would just as lief beg off a stranger. Have you no self-respect?

NANNIE—And have you no pride, going about from work-shop to work-shop, asking for something to do, when we don't know but Uncle Jacob might be only waiting for us to ask his aid, and he would gladly help us. It is natural he should help us, rich as he is, and childless too.

LAURA—More probably he is waiting for us to cast about and try to do something for ourselves. I am told that though quite rich he is very industrious. I, for one, am going out to find work. If I can not find one kind of work to do I will another. I doubt if I could ever be a successful teacher, even if I had a certificate or a situation, both of which are difficult to procure, owing to the over-crowded state of the profession. A milliner or mantua-maker I might become, but then in both these departments of female industry the supply far exceeds the de-

mand. I heard the other day Mrs. Banks had said she would give almost any price for a good steady girl in her kitchen.

NANNIE—Oh, Laura, such talk! The idea of your working as a hired girl in Mrs. Banks' kitchen, and we used to ride to her door in our own papa's carriage and order our bonnets and dresses sent to our number! Oh, dear! I should n't mind it so much if you could get to be a teacher or seamstress. The thought of the other is enough to drive one mad.

LAURA—And I hold that whatever is honest is honorable, and that I shall be just as worthy of respect, cooking good food in a digestible manner for the nourishment and healthful growth of the little Banks as if I were teaching their ideas how to shoot, or making bedecked saucepans to cover silly pates, and frowzy chignons. But I am going to see Mrs. Banks. Good-bye.

[*Exit* LAURA. NANNIE *takes up book and reads.*

Re-enter LAURA.

NANNIE—(*Excitedly*)—What success?

LAURA—Splendid! Mrs. Banks will take me to cook, set the table, and wait on it, and wash the dishes and give me four dollars a week.

NANNIE—And you are going to accept it. Oh, Laura! where is your pride, your family pride?

LAURA—Just where it ought to be; pride, Nannie, will not put clothes on our backs, nor food in our mouths, and I am going to do the one kind of work that I do well, for a comfortable home and good wages regardless of what the world may say. If it does not approve my course, why I am happy to be able to say that it is a matter of indifference to me.

SCENE II.—A room in MRS. BANKS' house, the family seated around an inviting dinner table. UNCLE JACOB seated with them as their guest.

UNCLE JACOB—You are most fortunate, Mrs. Banks, in possessing a rare treasure now-a-days in your cook, whoever she may be, judging from this repast.

MRS. BANKS—You may well say so, Mr. Barry. I esteem myself quite indebted to Providence for casting her in my way. Her mother is a widow, and the family are obliged to do something for self-support, or else ask it of a rich relative, which latter they are too high-spirited to do.

UNCLE JACOB—The girl who can get up a dinner like this need never be dependent. May I inquire her name? You have quite interested me in her.

MRS. BANKS—Laura Eldridge.

UNCLE JACOB—(*Starting back*)—Tell the little minx to come here at once; her Uncle Jacob wants to see her. Zounds, a girl with pluck enough to do this is the girl for me.

Enter LAURA, *in short clean calico dress, large apron, tidy hair, and neat collar, sleeves rolled up.*

UNCLE JACOB—(*Rising and coming towards her*)—So, ho! my little girl, so you wont ask a penny off your old uncle, and wont depend upon your brother's wages, but will go to be cook in a lady's kitchen! This is the spirit which I admire; but you are just the kind of little housekeeper which I need about my premises, so Mrs. Banks will have to excuse you. My carriage is yet at the door, and we will go. (*To audience.*) The dear young people must not imagine that self-sacrifice is always rewarded in this world, but generally God helps him who helps himself.

[*Curtain.*]

HOLIDAY (HOLLY-DAY).

A DRAMATIC CHARADE.

CHARACTERS:—HELEN GRANGER, New York Belle.
BESSIE GLEN, Governess.
HERBERT LEREY, Guest of the family.
FREDDIE GRANGER, "Young America" of ten years.
Servant.

TIME.—Christmas Eve.

SCENE.—A handsomely furnished parlor, festooned with holly (or some other evergreen). BESSIE GLEN discovered seated at the piano, playing slowly and softly some tender minor chords. Enter HERBERT LEREY, advancing unperceived to her side.

HERBERT—What *are* you playing, Miss Glen,—a dirge, or a dead-march; and are you going to play the "doleful" strains all night, and *never* give me a chance to speak to you? Fearing you would think me rude if I intruded on your reverie, I have been waiting in the hall—well, it seems an age or two.

BESSIE GLEN—(*Haughtily bowing*)—You pay my "doleful strains" a rare compliment, sir, I must say. I regret exceedingly that I have bored you for so long a time, you certainly were at liberty to withdraw at any time, if my music did not please you. I assure you I was playing for *my own gratification, solely.* Had I been aware that so appreciative and critical an auditor as yourself were listening, I should have arranged my programme accordingly. And, if I am not mistaken, you are the gentleman who this morning told me you "could listen to my playing forever."

HERBERT—Very true, *ma belle;* but then I was in a musical mood, and you were playing Beethoven's heavenly "Songs without Words," and the aria you warbled so deliciously was a perfect gem. Indeed I *do* think you

play divinely and sing like an angel, and it has pained me to hear you pouring out such heart-breaking strains, this Christmas Eve, when the holly is gleaming on so many walls, and all the world is half mad with delight—young, gifted, beautiful.

BESSIE—You know, sir, how much I despise flattery. Reserve, if you please, your fine speeches for your cousin Helen and the fair ladies with whom you will soon be flirting and dancing at Mrs. Conway's ball.

HERBERT—Ah, Bessie, you are cruel. You well know how much I would prefer to remain with you—to have you all to myself when underneath the holly—

BESSIE—(*Interrupting*)—But you forget that the holly is hung *nowhere* for *me* this Christmas Eve. And, oh, is it so strange that I should sometimes pour out the loneliness and desolation of my soul in the dolorous strains that have seemed to grate so harshly on *your* joyous heart? *I* am only a governess, alone and unloved.

HERBERT—*No, no; not* unloved, dear Bessie. Listen to me, for I *must* speak.

Enter HELEN, *in full evening costume.*

HELEN—Pardon me if I have interrupted a *tête-à-tête.* I was not aware, cousin Herbert, that you had returned from your drive.

HERBERT—I have just arrived. Allow me to tell you, I think you wondrously beautiful to-night. Already I can fancy the ladies turning as green with jealousy and envy as the holly on the walls, and the poor young men ready to howl with chagrin when they see you carried off by a certain "fellah" who sports a sandy moustache and diamond ring,—eh, Nell?

HELEN—*You* evidently will not be among the number. How provoking! Lizette has forgotten my fan.

SERVANT—The carriage is at the door, sir.

HELEN—Excuse me one moment until I find my fan. Lizette is *so* careless! (BESSIE *sings and plays softly as she goes out:*)

> The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
> The holly branch shone o'er the old oak wall.

HERBERT—(*Leaning tenderly over her*)—Bessie, darling, do you know how I love you? As the guest of my aunt and cousin it is mere courtesy for me to escort *them*, when they go out; but you must have seen that *you* have won my heart, my love, patient birdie, and you, of all women in the world, would I make my wife. (*Taking her hand and leading her under the holly.*) Promise me *now*, beneath this holly, that you will be mine.

BESSIE—You hold my hand, you have long held my heart; I am yours.

Enter FREDDIE *as* HERBERT *kisses* BESSIE.

FREDDIE—Well, by ginger! this *is* jolly,
Kissing underneath the holly.

BESSIE—(*Blushing and frightened*)—Freddie, *do* be still, naughty boy!

FREDDIE—Yes; in a minute I'll be still as a *statute*.

> You 're my darling governess,
> And so I call you good queen Bess.

How is that for poetry? *Aint* I quite a poic? You are more *queenlier* than ever to-night—play that I'm your page, and let me carry your train. (*Stooping to lift her train.*) Pshaw! that isn't half a train. You ought to see Nell's. Doesn't she wear stunning ones, and a hump on her back as high as a dromedary?

BESSIE—(*Sternly*)—Freddie, hush, or I must send you away. Haven't I told you slang is *very* vulgar?

FREDDIE—Oh, I forgot about slang. I wont say it no

more—I wont, by ginger! Say, let's have a *tabble-low.* Cousin Herbert, you are court favorite to queen Bess, and I'm her page. (*Kneels at her feet and kisses her hand.*) Hurrah, here's a *tabble-low* under the holly bushes, and I'm in it.

Enter HELEN, *who pauses with uplifted hand.*

HELEN—A very pretty picture, certainly; but, ah me, the death blow to my dearest hopes.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—The same as before, with evergreen removed. HELEN seated by the center table, on which are books, magazines, etc.

HELEN—(*Wearily*)—Such a day as I've had, to be sure! What with mother away, and the children and servants to look after, I'm nearly crazed. But, thank goodness, that upstart governess is out of the house at last, and I shall attend to matters so closely that she does n't enter it again. The idea of her daring to come between *me* and the man I love! She has played well, though, to win my princely cousin Herbert, the richest, most elegant catch of the season. But I think this letter will settle that affair very effectually. [*Reads:*

DEAR MRS. GRANGER:—I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to leave you with no longer notice, and it grieves me beyond expression to leave my pupils, whom you know I devotedly love; but the truth is, I go to meet one whom I have long known and loved, and to whom I am this night going to be married. When you shall have received this, I shall be his happy wife.

Gratefully yours,

BESSIE GLEN.

There! I call that cleverly done, and I'd defy Miss Bessie herself to tell the writing from her own. I spent an entire day before I accomplished it; but it's done at last, and I'll leave it just here, in this volume of poems, that

Herbert will be sure to take up so soon as he returns, and then—well I fancy he will think those innocent, big brown eyes are not so innocent after all. [*Exit* HELEN.

Enter HERBERT *from opposite side, and seats himself in the chair lately occupied by* HELEN.

HERBERT—What a long, long, weary day; how drearily the time drags on; how shall I ever exist through the interminable time until my Bessie returns? What could have possessed the girl to go off into the country to visit her grandmother just at *this* time? However, this absence but makes me understand more fully how precious she has become to me—how impossible to live away from her. My greatest pleasure now is in thinking of her and in reading the books she best loved, and this volume of poems was one of her especial favorites. Ah, what is this? Surely it is my darling's handwriting, some poem she has copied. (*Reads.*) Great Heaven! What does this mean! It is not possible that she has thus deceived me—so young, so pure. (*Rising and walking frantically back and forth.*) Married to another! I can not comprehend it. I shall go mad; this anguish is greater than I can bear. Not another day will I remain in this house, where I have known within so short a time the greatest happiness and anguish of my life. (*Rushes from the room.*)

FREDDIE—(*Just behind the scenes*)—Hallo, cousin Herbert, what's up now? Seen a ghost, or ghostess, or anything? I'll bet you have. You look like one yourself; you do, by ginger. Come back! Come back!

Enter together.

FREDDIE—I've got something to tell you, you want to know, because it's about,—well, I aint a going to tell, but I found it all out this very day. Now don't look at

me so, or I shall believe you're a little *lunie*. It's about queen Bess—there, I've told you. I have, by ginger!

HERBERT—What do you know about Bessie? Don't tell me anything about *her!*

FREDDIE—Ah, but I will, though. This story about her going off to get married and things is all moonshine. Have you got a letter? Well, I've got *two*. I have, by ginger! Sister Nell is a boss trump, but she can't beat *me*. No, sir'ee. Didn't I see her give Miss Bessie a little bit of pink paper, the other day, and didn't I hear her tell her she was sorry she was going away, but papa was going to get a tutor, or something, for us; and didn't poor queen Bess look all over like a queen, though she got awful white when she said, "Very well, I shall go to grandmother's this very day?"

HERBERT—My poor, brave Bessie. What a brute I have been, for one moment to distrust her!

FREDDIE—Well, sir, listen if you want me to tell the whole of it. Now, wasn't Nell shut up in her den all day yesterday, and even refused to see Walter, so I thought I'd see what she'd been about; so when she went down to tea I slipped in her room, and there, on her desk, was more than forty-'leven letters just as near alike as a flock of crows, and every one pretended to be written to mamma, and had "Bessie Glen" signed to them; so I slipped one of 'em in my pocket, and this little pink one, just like what she gave to Bessie, and there they are.

(*Hands them to* HERBERT, *who looks at them.*)

HERBERT—It is a plot to send her away. But why?

FREDDIE—Blind! You are, by ginger! Don't you know she's in love with you *herself*, and she's jealous and *mad* as a March hare 'cause you like queen Bess the best?

HERBERT—I see it all. Before another day my darling Bessie shall be my wife.

FREDDIE—Give us your hand on that. Hurrah for queen Bess! (*Throws up his cap and dances.*)

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.—A handsome apartment in readiness for New Year's calls.

Enter HELEN, *in full dress.*

HELEN—Ah, well, the last holiday has come, and I am far from being happy. The season has been a gay one, and I have been admired and loved enough to satisfy the most exacting heart, but the one man whom *I* can ever love is cold and indifferent. But I will win him yet. Surely he will return ere long; and by the way, where *can* he have gone, and in this toilet, (*Sweeps across the room, and turns slowly before a mirror,*) he cannot resist me Oh, that these horrid New Year's calls were over, and he were here!

Enter HERBERT. HELEN *advances toward him with quick stage step, and takes both his hands in hers.*

HELEN—Oh, my *dear* cousin Herbert, I am *so* glad you have come. What an age it seems since you went away, and in the midst of the holiday season too! Where *have* you been, naughty boy! Come, tell me all about it. (*Draws him to a seat on a sofa beside her.*) But first, let me tell you I have to "receive" this afternoon, and I shall not let you leave me to endure the horrid bore alone. How strange that gentlemen can be so stupid. Now tell me where you have been, that I have not before had an opportunity of wishing you the happiest of all New Years.

HERBERT—Have patience, fair coz, and you shall hear it all. But first, let me offer you my warmest wishes in re-

gard to the coming year. May it bring you the realization of your dearest hopes.

HELEN—I fear that it will bring me only sorrow.

HERBERT—If you *deserve* happiness, I think you will not fail to find it. But you wished to know where I have been. Just out to Glenwood, to visit a friend.

HELEN—(*Aside, with a convulsive start*)—Can he have seen Bessie?

HERBERT—And I fear I shall be obliged to disappoint you, much as I would like to save you from being bored by your calls, as I have a very pressing previous engagement; and I just dropped in to ask you to give me your good wishes and congratulations, as I am about to repair to Grace church, where I shall be married.

HELEN—(*Starting to her feet and glaring at him wildly*)—MARRIED! To whom?

HERBERT—(*Nonchalantly*)—Oh, our mutual friend, Bessie Glen, is going to make this the most blessed of all holidays by becoming my wife, (*Rising,*) and it is already time I should go to meet her. Good-bye, coz, and *au revoir.* (*Bows himself off the stage.*)

HELEN—(*With hands clasped in agony*)—Going—to—meet—Bessie! How has she outwitted me!

(*Falls over in a swoon.*)

Enter SERVANT *in time to receive her in his arms, and bears her from stage. Scene parts behind stage, disclosing tableau of marriage ceremony of* HERBERT *and* BESSIE. *The tableau must previously be arranged, that* HERBERT *may take his place in it so soon as he leaves the front of stage.*

[*Curtain.*]

UNCLE NATHAN'S INDIAN.

CHARACTERS:—UNCLE NATHAN, an Old Settler.
UNCLE CHRIS, his Brother.
TOM, aged 12, } their Nephews.
BILL, aged 10, }

SCENE.—Room in UNCLE NATHAN'S house.

TOM—Uncle Nathan, you promised us boys that if we wouldn't pester you when you were husking corn, you would take an evening and answer our questions about settling up the backwoods. Now, here it is almost Christmas, and we haven't heard from you yet.

UNCLE NATHAN—Who is to blame, Tom, you or I, eh?

TOM—No matter now, 'xpect we boys are. Well, were there Indians here when you came?

UNCLE NATHAN—Indians! Guess there were. Right across the river, not more than a mile from here, there was a camp of over two hundred.

TOM—What—real wild Indians?

UNCLE NATHAN—To be sure they were.

TOM—And did they ever scalp any body? Weren't you afraid? Did they have bows and arrows and tomahawks and scalping-knives?

UNCLE NATHAN—Nobody was ever scalped to my knowledge. We used to be somewhat fearful at first, but we soon found out that they were either afraid, or had no disposition to hurt us. They had bows and arrows, and some guns, and tomahawks, and long knives which they used for dressing game.

BILL—O Tom, wouldn't you like to see an Indian—a real bloody, wild Indian?

[*A rap at the door, which* UNCLE NATHAN *opens, and* UNCLE CHRIS *enters, disguised as an Indian, his face colored a reddish brown.*]

UNCLE CHRIS—(*Stepping back a little into the darkness*)—Who-o-o-o-o-p!

TOM and BILL—(*Starting for the stairs*)—Oh, dear! he's an Indian.

UNCLE NATHAN—Come back, boys, he wont hurt you. Come in, Wild Cat.

UNCLE CHRIS—(*Laughing*)—Pappoosies big scare, oogh! Big Injun no kill pappoosie—no kill squaw—kill schmaukie man, oogh!

BILL—(*Whispering to his uncle*)—Oh, I'm afraid he'll kill you, 'cause you *smoke*. Hide your pipe, uncle, for fear he does.

UNCLE NATHAN—(*Taking the pipe from his pocket and handing it to* UNCLE CHRIS)—Have a smoke, Wild Cat?

UNCLE CHRIS—Oh! schmaukie man much good. Heap tobacco, big pipe. *Any wiskee?*

UNCLE NATHAN—No whiskey to-night.

UNCLE CHRIS—(*Sorrowfully*)—Oogh! Wild Cat much cold. Moccasin no good. *Blanket, oh, much hole.* Wiskee make warm, come—make no shiver. Leetle much wiskee, eh?

UNCLE NATHAN—(*Shaking his head*)—No whiskey.

UNCLE CHRIS—Schmaukie man no good. Poor Injun want wiskee—make warm come—make Injun much money—much fight. No wiskee? Injun take papoosies, eh? Schmaukie man give wiskee, get pappoosies back. (*Makes a spring, catches* TOM *and* BILL *and starts for the door.*)

TOM—Murder! MURDER! MURDER!

BILL—*Oh! we'll be scalped!*

UNCLE NATHAN—Hold on, Chris, enough, enough; let them go.

UNCLE CHRIS—How do you like a real, bloody, wild Injun, Bill?

BILL—(*A little sulky*)—You aint an Indian. Indians would n't scare little boys like you did me.

UNCLE CHRIS—Come now, Bill, let us be friends again. Here is a book about the Indians, that I bought for you the other day. Wont that pay for your big scare? And I'll sit down and behave myself the rest of the evening. Come, let us make up.

TOM—All right. Hurrah for Wild Cat, the celebrated Flat-head Chief! Had any roasted dog to-day, Wild Cat?

UNCLE NATHAN—Now, boys, don't be too hard on Uncle Chris, for I engaged him to favor us with an Indian performance to-night, and he has done nobly. Old Wild Cat himself could n't have surpassed him in playing his part. Come, Billy, let us have your opinion of a real, bloody, wild Indian.

BILL—I've got over my scare now, and I want to know if that was the way the Injuns used to talk, and did they yell like that?

UNCLE NATHAN—When we came here forty years ago, the Indians had traded with the white people enough to understand the English language, and speak it about as well as your uncle did to-night. Some, of course, got hold of it more readily, and others again were very hard to be understood. Uncle Chris is a fair, average Indian.

TOM—What did they live on? Did they farm any?

UNCLE NATHAN—Many years ago they had some corn-fields on the river bottom. Wherever they had a village there was usually a small field close by, where the squaws raised corn, beans, and sometimes pumpkins.

TOM—*The Squaws!* Hey, Wild Cat, does your squaw raise *your* corn for you? Would n't Aunt Em. "raise cane" if her "big Injun" wanted her to hoe corn?

BILL—Hush, Tom, Uncle Nathan is full of talk; let us hear what he has to say.

UNCLE NATHAN—They depended on their guns and bows for most of their living. I have seen a young Indian shoot a blue-bird with his bow and arrow, pull a few feathers off, and roast it on a rod over the smoke and fire, and then eat it.

TOM—Mighty nice, Uncle Wild Cat. How'll you take your blue-bird? feathers off, or roasted whole?

UNCLE CHRIS—Tom, I'm afraid you are not truly thankful to me for showing off the Indian to-night.

TOM—Oh yes! Much obliged to you, Mr. Wild Cat, for scaring me out of a year's growth. Wont you oblige me by taking off my scalp? Would it be too much trouble to roast me to death, and dance around me while I'm burning? Would you have some "wiskee" to get drunk on? Now please do favor us with one of your delightful whoops before going to your wigwam to beat your squaw, and scare your poor orphanless pappoosies to death.

UNCLE CHRIS—I give it up, Tom; and if I didn't see the fun in your eyes, I should feel sorry that I had come over here to-night to play the Indian, or the fool, whichever you please to call it.

TOM—(*Laughing*)—There, now Uncle Chris, I'm even with you. You made me believe you were an Indian, and I made you believe I was mad about it, so after we've had one a-piece of Uncle Nathan's bell-flower apples we'll go home, and leave an appointment to hear the rest next week.

UNCLE NATHAN—(*Passing the apples*)—In order to make you prompt next week, I will tell you that I bought the tree of which these apples grew of "Old Johnny Appleseeds," who was a great character in the early days. I will undertake to tell about him next time.

[*Curtain.*]

THE LITTLE GRADGRINDS;

OR, A MAN OF METHOD.

CHARACTERS:—MR. WILLIAMSON MATHIAS GRADGRIND, the father of all the little Gradgrinds.
WILLIAMSON MATHIAS, JR., a sly one.
MATILDA BOADICEA, a sharp one.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a surly one.
SOPHRONIA SOPHIA, a dull one.
LAWSON LAMSON, a nervous one.
MRS. GRADGRIND, who is always lastly and leastly.

SCENE.—Breakfast room. MR. GRADGRIND sitting at head of the table, watch in hand. Clock strikes six.

MR. GRADGRIND—Punctuality! punctuality! This must be inquired into. I shall have to request Mrs. Gradgrind to inculcate more strenuously the permeating necessity of—ah! here they are.

Door opens. Enter all the LITTLE GRADGRINDS *with* MRS. GRADGRIND *discernible in the extreme distance.*

MR. GRADGRIND—(*Theatrically waving them back*)—Stop! (*They all huddle in a bunch.*)

MRS. GRADGRIND—(*Faintly and invisibly*)—Dear me, Mr. Gradgrind, what's happened now?

MR. GRADGRIND—(*A la Roman Senator*)—Your question shall be answered by another. What, Mrs. Gradgrind, could happen more undermining and deleterious to body and soul, than procrastination?

MRS. GRADGRIND—Does that mean we're late? I'm sure the clock has just done striking.

MR. GRADGRIND—It is just—(*With a sarcastic smile*)—unless you wish to dispute my statement—just one-half minute, a whole thirty seconds past six, past the time, the hour when each should have been seated in accustomed

place, and with accustomed knife and fork, be engaged in accustomed—ahem!—(*Another wave of his hand*)—you may advance.

[*They all file to their places; as they pass behind their father's chair the* LITTLE GRADGRINDS *severally and characteristically make up a face.*]

MRS. GRADGRIND—Well, I'm sure, I don't see. I began to get up an hour ago; but then, Benjamin Franklin wouldn't take his "Daily Food," and he had to be coaxed, and—

MR. GRADGRIND—Abbreviation if you please, Mrs. Gradgrind. My son, (*to* BENJAMIN,) I am truly distressed about your "Daily Food." Your mind is now young and tender, and now is your time to absorb all good things. Do so, my son, fill yourself thus as soon as possible. Mrs. Gradgrind, you may proceed.

MRS. GRADGRIND—Oh, I thought I had got through. I don't remember anything else, only Sophy, she went to sleep two or three times hooking up her dress; and I don't wonder, I'm sure, for she didn't get home from the party last night until half-past ten, and then she read over to me some mottoes that she brought home. They were very pretty. One of them went like this:

> My own true love, when you read this,
> Smile on me and I'll be in bliss.

I liked the sentiment more than—

MR. GRADGRIND—(*Imposingly*)—Abbreviate if you please, Mrs. Gradgrind. (*To* SOPHRONIA.) My daughter, never allow drowsiness to overcome you when you know it is time to be up and doing. How is it? Have you forgotten your little verse, "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?" But I will waive (*Another wave of the hand*) this subject for the present, for while we are all gathered together at the family board

I wish the conversation to be general and instructive. Benjamin, do not put so much into you mouth at once. Are you not aware of the injurious effects on digestion?

BENJAMIN—(*Doggedly, mouth full of porridge*)—No!

MR. GRADGRIND—Is it possible! Well, we will begin at the root of it at once. What is digestion?

BENJAMIN—Don't know.

MR. GRADGRIND—Don't know! Such a common thing, too. Why it occurs with every morsel you put into your mouth. I will explain: after the process of mastication is thoroughly performed the interior organs, all ready, play their parts, and the effect is a judicial reproduction of the entire system. Now, Benjamin, never tell me again that you don't know what digestion is. Williamson, you may repeat it to your brother, for I wish it firmly impressed.

WILLIAMSON—(*Glibly*)—It is a recess of nasty rations playing on the big organ, and the defect is a juicy reduction of the tired-out customer.

MR. GRADGRIND—There, Mrs. Gradgrind, did you hear that? There's a boy to be proud of, and it's all owing to training him. Did you know that?

MRS. GRADGRIND—(*Hesitatingly*)—Yes, yes, I--I know he's got the train in him, oh, yes!

MR. GRADGRIND—Sophronia, do not eat with your eyes closed. Suppose the point of your knife should penetrate the ball of the eye?

MATILDA—(*Giggling*)—Why, father, how can it, if she keeps it shut?

MR. GRADGRIND—(*Stiffly*)—It is exceedingly rude for children to know more than their parents.

[MR. GRADGRIND, *leaning back, applies himself to his toothpick, under cover of which* MRS. GRADGRIND *ventures the following:*]

MRS. GRADGRIND—Sophy, did any of the other little girls wear pink dresses?

SOPHY—(*Suddenly wide awake*)—Oh, yes, there were six others besides me, and three had on pink and white.

MRS. GRADGRIND—Well, I heard the other day that the Tubbs had the legs of their piano all covered up. Were they, Sophy? I would like to know.

MR. GRADGRIND—(*Austerely*)—I beg you, Mrs. Gradgrind, to relinquish such foolish curiosity. Now, children we will attend to our usual morning recreation. I think it is entirely owing to these interesting exercises that you are what you are. The whole method is so peculiarly original and striking. Some persons are so ignorant as to endeavor to prevent youthful growing minds from thinking. What an idea! How much more practical then is it to give them nutritious food for thought, to impart to them on their first arising a few genial truths that they can carry with them through the day, and eventually garner into the store-house of their memory. We will take the word "Reproduction" for elucidation this morning. All ready? (*Every* LITTLE GRADGRIND *sits upright.*) First, the subject to be repeated.

WILLIAMSON—(*Winking at* MATILDA)—Reap-ropo suction.

MATILDA—Destruction.

BENJAMIN—Punch 'em.

SOPHRONIA—Luncheon.

LAWSON—(*With a jerk*)—Pop corn.

MR. GRADGRIND—Very well, I am sure that is impressed. Now for the first sentence. "It stretches over entire creation."

WILLIAMSON—Scratches like all creation.

MATILDA—Patches the rising generation.

BENJAMIN—Fetches all the game ones.

SOPHRONIA—Cheeses in the pantry come.

LAWSON—(*Indistinctly*)—Fee faw fum.

MR. GRADGRIND—That is good also. I can see the improvement every day. (*Benignly.*) There, my children, that will employ your leisure moments through the day. Get these truths perfectly, and you will know something that I can conscientiously affirm very few persons in the world are cognizant of. And now, I find it is just half-past six, and therefore time for us to disperse. Method is a great thing: now each one may put back his or her chair, and take his or her book, and Mrs. Gradgrind, if you please, you may see that each his or her, no, each he or she—ahem! An exact hour let it be, if you please. Lawson Lamson, I believe it is your turn to accompany me in my walk this morning.

[*Exit* MR. GRADGRIND, *with* LAWSON LAMSON, *in a highly electrical state. Books thrown down, and a general shout.*]

WILLIAMSON—(*On the table wildly gesticulating*)—The boy stood on the porridge deck, whence all good victuals fled; the plates that wrapped the table's wreck, shone round him vilely spread. Sound the trump of fame!

(*Rings the bell violently.*)

MRS. GRADGRIND—Williamson, do get down. Children, you will drive me crazy. (*Takes out crochet work.*)

Enter SARAH.

WILLIAMSON—Sarah, on with the provender. Let's have some mince pie and cheese, the very sight of this rye bread and porridge makes me sick. Take them away, and hurry up quick, for I am starving.

ALL THE CHILDREN—Yes, Sarah, hurry up, we are all starving.

MRS. GRADGRIND—(*Crochets*)—One, two, I feel as

though I'd like something myself, one, two, three. Seems to me, Sarah, that porridge was worse, one, two, three, than common, one, two.

SARAH—Musha, mam, but Misther Gradgrind himself superintinded the makin' ov it, and niver a drop o' milk would he ullow me 'tiv it. Indade, it's not fit for the pigs to ate, and I knowed ye'd niver get yer fill out of sich a m'aly-mouthed male as that same.

ALL THE CHILDREN—(*Headed by* WILLIAMSON, *shove* SARAH *out of the room, shouting together:*) Can't wait for long yarns! Cold victuals, Sarah, don't be long! Hurrah for mince pie and cheese!

MRS. GRADGRIND—Now, children, do be reasonable, one, two.

WILLIAMSON—Of course we will. Come let us improve our minds. Benjamin, how many lives has a cat-o-nine-tails?

ALL THE CHILDREN—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter SARAH, *with mince pie and cheese. Terrific combat to see who will get largest piece.*

WILLIAMSON—Say, mother! mother!

MRS. GRADGRIND—(*Crocheting furiously*)—One, two, three, four, five, are you quarreling? One, two, three, four, five, six, don't bother me. (*A bell rings.*)

MRS. GRADGRIND—(*Jumping up*)—There, there's the school bell. Oh, dear, one, two, I have lost a stitch. Run for your lives; if you are late your father will hear of it, one, two—

[*Curtain.*]

MISS HIGGINSON'S WILL.

CHARACTERS:—ARETHUSA WILDER; MISS SNIVEL; HESTER BLUESTOCKING; AGATHA MARTIN; MILDWEED BUTTERMILK; RAPHAEL ANGLEOO; LAWYER GAY.

SCENE—A parlor in Miss Higginson's house. Agatha dusting the chairs.

AGATHA—Well, who'd ha' thought it! Miss Mehitable has walked off the stage, and here's everybody and more too coming to hear her Will read. I notice they're all precious fond of her just now, though they let her pretty much alone when she was alive. (*Knocking.*) I reckon there's one of the vultures; it's about time.

[*Goes to the door and admits* MISS SNIVEL *and* ARETHUSA.]

ARETHUSA—Ah, my good girl, I suppose you recognize me. I am Miss Arethusa Wilder, the nearest relative of our dear friend who has lately departed.

AGATHA—(*Aside*)—Yes, mim, I know *you* like a book.

MISS SNIVEL—Ah, "this life is all a fleeting show!" Who'd have thought that Mehitable would have been cut off in her prime? She was like a rose full blown, and the frost, I might say, nipped it.

ARETHUSA—Very true, indeed, dear Miss Snivel; though I must say, she never suited me on the subject of cap-strings. It is a lamentable fact that she was wearing at her sudden departure a headgear with yellow ribbons.

MISS SNIVEL—Ah, Arethusa, what are cap-strings and such vanities? We live in a vale of tears, and our mortal frames are but hindrances.

AGATHA—(*Aside*)—She takes precious care of her mortal frame; she wont even stir out of doors when it rains.

ARETHUSA—My good woman, (*to* AGATHA,) you were, if I mistake not, our dear friend's lady in waiting.

AGATHA—I was her servant, miss, if *that's* what you mean; I don't understand French.

ARETHUSA—Ah, and probably you know more than you're willing to tell about the state of her mind—ahem! —in regard to her property, etc.

AGATHA—I haven't lived a dozen years in the house without learning a little.

ARETHUSA—Just as I supposed. And perhaps you'd not be unwilling for a slight compensation—

AGATHA—I never tell secrets, miss; not for bribes, leastways.

ARETHUSA—(*Turning away*)—A low-born rustic! She evidently does not understand the customs of Parisian society. And (*applying her eye-glass*) now that I notice her, she really has *a green gown.* Highly unbecoming.

MISS SNIVEL—Ah, Arethusa, my mind is filled with thoughts that are bitter as wormwood. I think of the days when Mehitable Higginson said to me: "Sarah Snivel, we are all sinners, and you're the most artful of them all." I forgave her then, I forgive her now, but I can't say that I don't think of it.

AGATHA—(*Aside*)—What magnanimity! Perhaps she expects a compensation to the tune of a few thousands.

MISS SNIVEL—I feel as if Mehitable Higginson was a looking down from the clouds, and saying: "Sarah Snivel, bless you." (*She hides her face in her handkerchief.*)

Enter MILDWEED BUTTERMILK *and* HESTER BLUESTOCKING.

HESTER—I protest, Mr. Buttermilk, the poems of Juliana Flayemalive strike me as much more calculated to thrill the hearts of mankind.

MILDWEED—By no means, Miss Bluestocking. What can equal these soul-stirring lines of M. I. H. P. Huggermugger?

"The cat went up a tree,
He squinted at the bee;
An artful lover, he!"

In fancy, I see that feline quadruped mounting the umbrageous tree, looking furtively at the droning bee, who flies from flower to flower. Oh, what a picture!"

HESTER—But then in my opinion nothing can rival that stanza "To a Bug:"

"Oh, darling bug,
Upon my rug,
Thee would I hug!"

What pathos! "*hugging a bug!*" Ah, I beg pardon, my dear Miss Arethusa! Miss Snivel! (*They all shake hands and sit down.*) Oh, what a shock my nerves have received! Who is that vulgar woman, dusting?

ARETHUSA—You speak with truth, Miss Bluestocking; she is *not* one of the *élite*. In fact, she works for pecuniary consideration.

MILDWEED—I thought so. She calls to my mind those unique lines of Jeremiah Jones, beginning

"A common flower,
Not born in a bower."

HESTER—The quotation is apt; I've wept over it many times.

MISS SNIVEL—The tears of this world are many, the laughter is small. I've often been led to think that life has not that value which has been ascribed to it.

ARETHUSA—There are certainly many things that are not as we would wish them. I purchased a new muslin yesterday, and found to my dismay that there was *a spot as large as the eye of a needle on the eleventh breadth.*

HESTER—And I, in the work of construing seven hundred and sixty-nine lines of Homer, found it utterly impossible to find the meaning of a certain word. I was in despair.

MILDWEED—Still if our worthy friend, Miss Higginson—

ARETHUSA—(*Aside*)—If she leaves her property to me, as she is certain to do, I will eclipse all rivals at Mrs. Jimjam's party.

MISS SNIVEL—(*Aside*)—If I get the money, I will have my handkerchiefs marked with black stripes five inches and a half broad.

(*Knocking.* AGATHA *admits* RAPHAEL ANGLEOO.)

RAPHAEL—I've left my great picture of "The Soul in Despair, or The Blackberry Hollow," and come to pay my respects.

AGATHA—(*Aside*)—His respects to the *Will*, perhaps. He might as well have stayed at home.

RAPHAEL—You offend my sense of vision, good woman. Would you be so kind as to remove yourself from my presence? You do not afford an attractive picture.

AGATHA—Attractive or not, I believe I shall stay and hear the Will.

RAPHAEL—Ah, ladies! ah, Mr. Buttermilk! we are here on a most sad errand.

MISS SNIVEL—Sad, indeed! You never said a truer word.

RAPHAEL—I picture Miss Higginson in her prime; I picture her when she sported among the heather; I picture her as a babe—

AGATHA—You've got a very fertile mind, I think, sir. You must have been rather small in those days.

MILDWEED—The matter of fact element in that girl is distressing. How could Miss Higginson have endured her?

HESTER—How, indeed! But our friend was a rough diamond, she had peculiarities of manner.

AGATHA—(*Aside*)—Ah, that she had! She despised every one of you, and rated you at just what you were worth.

RAPHAEL—As I was saying, I picture her as a child; I now picture her, I might say, in her grave.

MISS SNIVEL—Oh, and to think of the number of times she and I have made sage tea together! Once she gave it to Molly Parsons; I told her it would do no good. But our friend had a will of her own.

ARETHUSA—That she had. And yet I always loved it—even when she told me I was "a vain chit and fond of furbelows!"

RAPHAEL—She has often reminded me of a picture I have seen, "Patience on a Broomstick." It is very touching.

AGATHA—(*Aside*)—I should think it would be!

MILDWEED—I have written a little poem about our friend. If you would like to hear it—ahem! ah!

HESTER—Oh, pray read it! I'm *passionately* fond of poetry; it is so ethereal.

MILDWEED—I have a bad cold, (*clearing his throat,*) a terrible cold!

MISS SNIVEL—I recommend Shagbark Bitters; they cured Hannah Haines.

MILDWEED—Still, if you'd really like to hear it, I will read it. It has only one verse, but it is *parvum in multo*, which is Latin for "nothing in a great deal." (*Reads affectedly:*)

"Oh, Mistress Higginson, thy star is set,
We weep for thee, we weep, we weep;
I feel as one whose heart might break,
I soon *shall tumble in* a heap!"

HESTER—Oh, be-utiful! be-utiful! Mr. Buttermilk, you *must* send it to the *Semi-weekly Peashooter*.

(AGATHA *laughs.*)

MILDWEED—Woman, what mean you by this inane laughter?

AGATHA—Oh, sir, I could n't help it; it was so funny where you talked about falling in a heap.

RAPHAEL—She has no feeling, no sensibilities. I saw the picture in a moment; I could paint it easily.

HESTER—Ah, Mr. Angleoo, she belongs to the lower order of civilization. As Hezekiah Softsoap justly observes "some are born to plough, and some to sing, some to delve and some to soar." It is for us to soar, to sing, like—perhaps I should be justified in saying, like the lark.

Enter LAWYER GAY.

LAWYER—Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, good morning; solemn duty, solemn duty. Suppose you 've all come to hear the Will.

MISS SNIVEL—This world is full of partings and tears. Yes, Lawyer Gay, we 've come to hear the last Will and Testament of Mehitable Higginson.

[LAWYER *sits down, takes out papers from a bag, puts on spectacles, wipes his forehead, etc.*]

ARETHUSA—I must say, I feel uneasy; I really wish I 'd been a little more polite to the old lady when she was alive. But she had no taste whatsoever; she wore blue and green indiscriminately.

MILDWEED—Ah, brothers and sisters, such a life as that woman led! When I recall the noble words she used to me at the beginning of the war, I am quite overcome. Said she, "You 're a contemptible coward, Mildweed Buttermilk, staying at home writing poetry, and letting others do the work." Ah, she was a noble creature!

RAPHAEL—When I remember what she said about my great picture, "The Bandits of the Rocky Pass," my feelings are too much for me. Said she, "This is a mere daub, Raphael Angleoo, a miserable daub." Such a mind as that woman had!

HESTER—I think none of you appreciated it more than myself. I loved her as a sister, or I might say as a mother.

[LAWYER GAY *has meanwhile opened the Will and gone over it; he suddenly starts up.*]

LAWYER—Goodness gracious! What's this?

(*All start from their chairs.*)

MISS SNIVEL—Oh, you've given me *such* a turn! What is it? Tell me at once.

(ARETHUSA *snatches the paper, reads, and shrieks.*)

ARETHUSA—Oh, the wretch! the stony-hearted sinner! Where is my fan; my smelling-bottle? She has left her whole property to that plebeian upstart, Agatha Martin.

[AGATHA *stares, looks confused, cries* "You don't say!" *throws her apron over her head, and runs out.*]

HESTER—Oh, to think of it! She must have had a softening of the brain; and yet I wrote to her every day during her illness; what can it mean? I was preparing a short sketch of her life for the *Pictorial Album*, but—now—it—will—never—be—completed! (*Runs out crying.*)

RAPHAEL—And to think that I painted her likeness and called it Heroism! That it should come to this! "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Life is a delusion; truth has departed; Raphael Angleoo's miserable career is over; he has gone, he has gone—where? Echo answers "Nowhere!" (*He rushes out.*)

ARETHUSA—Ah, I shan't get over this for a week! And I can't—buy—my—pink—tarletan—for Mrs. Jimjam's! (*Exit crying.*)

MILDWEED—It is truly lamentable, Miss Snivel. It recalls forcibly to my mind those exquisite lines of Louisa Bulfinch; perhaps you know them?

"When you catch a linnet—"

MISS SNIVEL—Who'd a thought Mehitable Higginson would have played so false? I made sage tea with her forty times if I did once; and as for preserving raspberries and making currant wine, there's no knowing how often we've done *that* together. This world is far from being what it should be! Lawyer Gay, give me your arm. I feel a sinking and a failing; pray, give me your arm.

(*They go out.*)

LAWYER—(*Looking back*)—Pather a strange thing, eh? Miss Higginson's Will!

ST. NICHOLAS.

A PLAY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHARACTERS:—FIRST VOICE, SECOND VOICE, THIRD VOICE, FOURTH VOICE, } Children.
ST. NICHOLAS.
MOTHER.

SCENE.—Children seated or standing before an old-fashioned fireplace; stockings hanging around.

I.

FIRST VOICE—Pray tell me aright, through the darkness of night,
Can good St. Nicholas come?
They say that he dwells where the Boreas sleep,
Where the dancing Auroras their vigils keep,
Afar in his icy home.

SECOND VOICE—He minds not the distance, he minds not the night,
His courses are rapid, his car is light,
And swift, on the wings of the wind, he'll fly
Like a meteor darting along the sky,
He will come, he will surely come.

ALL—(*Joyously*)—He will come, he will come, from his icy home,
St. Nicholas comes, ha, ha!

II.

FIRST VOICE—Yet the night is drear, the night is cold,
And poor St. Nick is little and old;
And though his heart be noble and light,
Can he brave the frost this wintry night?

SECOND VOICE—He fears not frost, nor snow, nor cold,
All robed in furs, he's warm and bold;
His steed is the reindeer, so hardy and true,
And swift as the lightning he hurries through,
List, list! On the roof—that clattering hoof!

ALL—He comes through the cold, so rapid and bold,
St. Nicholas comes, ha, ha!

ST. NICHOLAS—(*In the distance, like an echo*)—
St. Nicholas comes, ha, ha!

III.

FIRST VOICE—They tell me he comes through the sooty flue,
With a fearful load, he creepeth through;
Sure he must look like a chimney sweep,—
O'er the blazing embers, how can he leap?

SECOND VOICE—As a high winged fairy, he glideth through,
Nor soils his robes in the chimney flue.

With the hand of a fairy, his boon he doth lay,
With the step of a fairy, he hasteneth away,
To gladden good children, in every home,
With candies and toys. He will surely come.

FIRST VOICE—He comes, as a fairy, with gifts for me.

THIRD VOICE—For me!

FOURTH VOICE—For me!

ALL—Ha, ha!

ST. NICHOLAS—(*Outside, bustling heard*)—He, he! Ha, ha!

FIRST VOICE—Did you hear that noise?

SECOND VOICE—I heard a voice.

THIRD VOICE—I saw mother's trail.

FOURTH VOICE—And father's coat tail.

FIRST VOICE—Mother's basket's as full as a dripping pail.

THIRD VOICE—What a queer little fellow St. Nick must be.

FOURTH VOICE—I 'll not shut my eyes this night till I see.

FIRST VOICE—Nor I.

SECOND VOICE—Nor I.

THIRD VOICE—Nor I.

ALL—Ha, ha!

ST. NICHOLAS—(*Outside*)—Very well, you may try. Ha, ha!

MOTHER—(*Entering*)—You chattering simpletons, off to your rest,
No wakeful-eyed urchin e'er sees such a guest;
His gifts are to children who swiftly obey—
To rest and to slumber then hasten away.

ALL—'T is too bad we can't meet him.

FIRST VOICE—I know I will cheat him.

THIRD VOICE—I know I'll not sleep.

FOURTH VOICE—Through the key-hole I'll peep.

SECOND VOICE—No, let us obey, and haste to retire.
Our *stockings* will show him what most we desire.

MOTHER—Come, children, make haste, and away to your rest. [*Children exit.*

ST. NICHOLAS—(*Peeping in*)—Ha, ha! the mother knows best.

[*Comes bustling in, basket and pockets of great coat full, suitably attired, and proceeds to distribute.*]

Ay, the mother knows best; and now, with good will,
Each wide gaping stocking, I hasten to fill.
Here's an excellent portrait of old Mother Goose,
Conundrums, enigmas, and riddles abstruse.
A volume of maxims—'t is well if they heed them,
And whips for the boys—little rascals they need them.
A musical toy—the whistle for others;
And dolls—little girls, how they like to play mothers.
Nuts, candies and kisses, I strew by the gross;
Ne'er did generous allopath grant such a dose.
Now, merry old Christmas, hurrah! hurrah!
(*Rubbing hands and chuckling.*) Come on with your glee, ha, ha!

[ST. NICHOLAS *comes forth and addresses the audience.*]

Ye lovers of children, a moment I pause,
In bodily form, to reveal Santa Claus.
Say not he's a myth; but, behold him in truth,
The friend, the munificent patron of youth.
Chasing sadness, bringing gladness,
Lighting earth with holy mirth,
Planting round the sacred hearth,
Memories that never die;
Binding, with a silken tie,
Wandering feet, that feign would hie
Through earth's false and fatal snares,

Or hearts that, 'neath their weight of cares,
Would sink most hopelessly.
Whence springeth the hope, to heart and hand,
Of Christmas, to every home in the land?
Tell me now, if you can, what's the great inspiration,
That moveth to gladness this almighty nation?
From mamma's great basket, from papa's huge pocket,
You may say that it comes, but you do not unlock it,
For the spirit beneath them, the prime moving cause,
Is no less a being, than (*laying his hand on his breast and bowing*) Old Santa Claus.

VICTORY DEFERRED.

CHARACTERS:—JERRY POODLE, Candidate for Legislature.
MRS. POODLE.
SHANKS & SHARK, Workers.
MR. SHARP, Canvasser.
MR. PLAINDEALER, a Quaker.

SCENE I.—POODLE'S parlor. POODLE pacing slowly, with eyes fixed on the carpet.

POODLE—(*Soliloquizing*)—Well, they say I'll be elected. Jerry—I should say Jeremiah—I mean the Hon. Jeremiah Poodle. Yes, *the* Hon. Jeremiah Poodle, Esq., member from Poodleville. It wont be Old Poodle any more; that time's past, and the Hon. Jeremiah Poodle is destined to transmit an everlasting name to all his posterity. But the money—well, that must come if it takes my last cow, and—

Enter MRS. POODLE.

MRS. POODLE—My dear Poodle, what are you ranting about?

POODLE—Oh, I was just thinking over matters and things in general. You see, I'm to be elected, and that

will be, in fact, the tallest thing that ever happened to any of the Poodles, and—

MRS. POODLE—Don't be too sure of it. "Many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip," as the old adage says. Better wait till after the election. We don't know upon whom to depend now-a-days. One will tell you one thing and another will tell you something else, until you don't know what to believe. Besides, you are no more certain of being elected, than that Towser will be appointed Secretary of the Interior. Poodle, you are visionary.

POODLE—There, Mrs. Poodle, that's always the way with you. I knew you would try to defeat me, if you could. Who knows but I might have been President of the United States had it not been for you! Not sure of being elected! Why the regular party goes for me to a man; then there are the Templars. I get their votes because I'm the very essence of total deprav—I mean total abstinence when in their company; and the whisky ring —they're all right, since I denounced the Liquor Law as a grand fraud. Besides, we are sure of five hundred extra votes at one dollar per head; cheap enough, too, at that. Why, Shanks tells me, that we shall have an overwhelming majority. Shark, noble fellow, assures me that one thousand dollars more will give me almost the entire vote, and Sharp told me, only last night, that the popular enthusiasm in my favor was never before equaled. All we want is a little more money to put the matter right through, and then we shall be as safe as a bug in a rug. I know you don't want to sell the brindle cow, but you should remember that we have entered the contest for honor and renown, and to retract now for the sake of a few hundred dollars, would be to cover ourselves with defeat and disgrace. No, Mrs. Poodle, I'll have it my own way this time. I'll sell the cow and give a mortgage

on the place. That will make us all right, and put us on the highway to honor, wealth and fame. Nothing risked, nothing won—that's my motto.

MRS. POODLE—Poodle, you're a ruined man. I should say, the highway to ruin instead of honor. Give a mortgage on your place! If you do your wife and children will have neither home, clothing, nor bread. Do so, and you will be more likely to go to the alms-house than the State-house. That old pettifogger, Shanks, wants your money. When he gets it, you may starve, for all he cares; and Shark, that greedy scoundrel, wants to cheat you out of all our hard-earned money. Why doesn't he go to work like honest people and make an honest living? There's Sharp, too, he thinks he's sharp enough to rob us of all we have; and he will, too, if you go on in this way. No doubt they are all hired and paid by the other party. They don't care a cent about you, Mr. Poodle, all they want is your money. Just try it and you'll find out.

[*Exit.*

POODLE—(*Alone*)—There! that's the way it goes. What will a man ever become with such a wife to lead him? Oh, had I a noble wife, some of the ancient matrons of classic times—a wife like those of historic renown! Oh, for a Cleopatra, and I'd be an Antony. But then she wasn't what a wife should be altogether. Mrs. Poodle is not *so* bad, after all—good enough in her own rough style—but that's her way. Let me see—I must go to the office of Shanks & Shark this evening.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—Office of SHANKS & SHARK. SHANKS and SHARK seated at table.

SHANKS—Wonder if Poodle will be here to-night?

SHARK—Undoubtedly. Hark! he is coming now.

Enter POODLE. SHANKS *and* SHARK *rise, go forward, and smilingly offer their hands for a hearty shaking.*

SHARK—Bless you, Mr. Poodle, good news for you. Be seated. (*Offers a chair.*) Poodle, the opposition candidate has a mind to withdraw his name, leaving the field open, and I feel confident he would do so if left to himself, but the hangers-on are determined to make one more desperate effort, and have pledged themselves to furnish one thousand dollars to sustain the canvass, thinking, thereby, to intimidate us. But that shall never be: we need only one thousand dollars to meet them, and to meet them, you know, means to defeat them. Now to prove our sincerity, we will advance the money, only asking one hundred dollars to be paid within five days and balance secured by mortgage.

SHANKS—Oh, no matter about the mortgage! Here's the money. Just say you'll pay one hundred in five days and for the balance you may give us a judgment note, which you can pay at your own convenience.

SHARK—Oh, yes! that's all right. I dare say, Mr. Poodle, your vote on the Poodleville Railroad Bill will command more than twice that sum.

POODLE—Well, gentlemen, if we can make a sure thing of it I have no ob—

SHANKS—Sure! Why, Jerry, there's nothing more certain in the world; but if you fear the result, just say so and we shall remit our exertions immediately.

POODLE—Go ahead! All right! Make out the papers. "Nothing risked, nothing won," that's my motto.

[*They push a paper across the table, and* POODLE, *with some difficulty, after several dippings of the pen, returns it with some badly formed scrawls which resemble a signature.*]

SHARK—Oh, by the way, here's an agreement concerning—you recollect the five hundred extra votes—mere matter of form—just sign it. (*He writes as before, and returns the paper.*)

SHANKS—Now, gentlemen, we must work with a vengeance. Sharp must have five hundred for effect at the mass meeting in Stubbletown. The balance goes toward procuring additional speakers. (*Pocketing the money, which has been lying on the table.*) Then, there's the *Free Press of Progress.* But never mind, we'll arrange that matter.

POODLE—Well, gentlemen, if that is *all*, I must go.

SHANKS & SHARK—(*Both together*)—That is all, sir.

[*Exit* POODLE.

SHANKS—Not so bad, after all.

SHARK—Better than I had expected. Thought the old fool was going to back out.

SHANKS—Not he. An old fool is the simplest of all fools. (*Putting away their papers they quietly disappear.*)

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.—POODLE'S parlor morning after the election.

POODLE—(*Soliloquizing*)—How slowly the returns come in. Should have had them last night by twelve o'clock. Oh, the agony of suspense! suspense! suspense!

Enter MRS. POODLE, *agitated.*

MRS. POODLE—*Ex*pense, Mr. Poodle! Talk of the *ex*pense and let *sus*pense take care of itself, as it will have to do one of these days. What! Sold everything, Mr. Poodle? Oh, foolish man!

POODLE—Woman, don't torment me! Wait until we hear the result. They said it would be all right.

MRS. POODLE—They said! Of course *they* said so, and, of course, it's all wrong for you, but right for them. (*Knock at door.*)

POODLE—Hark! Go to the door. (*Goes.* SERVANT *hands a letter. Breaks the seal and reads:*)

SIR:—We have lost everything this time—very sorry—unexpected. The Temperance men and whisky ring went over. The opposition polled hundreds of fraudulent votes. Don't be discouraged. As Gen. Scott once said, "It is not a defeat, it is only victory deferred!" You have gained much. Your name has been brought before the public in a conspicuous manner, and the people look forward to you as their next and only choice. So be of good cheer.

Respectfully yours,

SHANKS.

P. S.—Shark negotiated your obligation last evening and left, in company with Sharp. Poor fellows, they can't endure the defeat. I shall be unavoidably absent for some days. S——.

POODLE—Ahem—lost—gained much—victory deferred—name conspicuous—next choice—obligation—Shark—Sharp—both gone—poor fellows—absent—yes—yes—yes.

MRS. POODLE—Yes, yes! What do you mean, Poodle? *Now* hurrah for the election! Hurrah for Poodle! Hurrah for all the Poodles! Hurrah for the brindle cow! Poodle, who's the biggest fool now, you or I?

POODLE—Mrs. Poodle, you're worse than a— (*Knock at door.* POODLE *opens it.*)

Enter QUAKER.

POODLE—Good morning, Mr. Plaindealer. A fine morning this.

PLAINDEALER—Ay, fair without, but foul within, friend Poodle! *I* perceive thou art much troubled in spirit. Wherefore dost thou look so bad? Hadst bad luck, or didst thou quarrel?

POODLE—Almost—nearly both. You see, I have been mixed in politics, and—

PLAINDEALER—Yes, friend, I know it all! Taken in by scoundrels—caught in bad company. What is the amount of thy loss?

POODLE—About two thousand dollars in all. Eleven hundred paid and judgment note for balance, which will take my farm unless I can avoid payment by proving fraud on part of holders.

PLAINDEALER—Friend, thou art in the snare of the fowler. Didst thou not sign an agreement specifying that five hundred dollars of thy money should be used in buying fraudulent votes? Wouldst thou undertake to prove fraud against thy colleagues and get clear thyself? No, friend, thy case is bad enough; make it no worse. Surely thou hast done wrong, and Providence is closing the meshes of justice about thee, insomuch as there appears no way of escape; therefore, resign thyself to the course of events, repent, and Providence may help thee.

POODLE—But what can I do?

PLAINDEALER—Look about thee. Thou hast coal and iron on thy land. I will pay thee one hundred dollars per year for mining privilege—say for fifteen years. What dost thou say to it?

POODLE—Could you pay it in advance?

PLAINDEALER—I would to help thee.

POODLE—Then it is a bargain.

PLAINDEALER—Come over to my house this afternoon and we will talk it over. Now, friend, I entreat thee, let this lesson be a warning to thee in future, and dear as it has been, thy money may not be entirely lost. Surely, thy conscience told thee what was right, and doubtless smote thee for doing wrong in expectation of much gain; and thy wife, I daresay, protested against it, though I

can not say that she smote thee, either on thy right cheek or on thy left. I would say to her, too, never advise thy husband when thou wouldst scold, and never scold when thou wouldst advise. And now, friend Poodle; remember, that when the people desire thy services in law-making, they will send thee word to that effect, and thou shalt go without money, without price, and without endangering thy neck in a political balloon. Come over and get thy money.

MR. and MRS. POODLE—(*Together*)—Thank you.

PLAINDEALER—(*Retiring*)—Farewell.

[*Curtain.*]

A QUEER FIT.

CHARACTERS:—JOHN QUEER, SAMUEL SWEEPS, } from the country.
MR. ISAACS, Jew Clothier.
JAKE SWEET, MR. ISAACS' Salesman and Door Drummer.

SCENE I.—Street in front of MR. ISAACS' store—Readymade clothing hanging on "dummies" about the door—JAKE SWEET standing near door on the lookout for customers—JOHN QUEER and SAMUEL SWEEPS at a little distance, with carpet-bags, etc.

JOHN—I wish we could pay some of these annoying clothing Jews back in their own coin. I am really out of all patience with the whole of them.

SAMUEL—Well, say we do. There is that old spider's nest right ahead of us, who plagued us so much yesterday in trying to force some of his vile, ill-fitting garments on us. If we *are* from the country, as every one seems to know and which I am sure is no disgrace, it's no reason why we should be subjected to such public annoyance. I am of the opinion that country people's intelligence and

means, at the present day, compare very favorably with those of the city.

JOHN—Of course they do, and I am sure that city people are not subjected to such provoking insults, when they visit the country, as we are when we go to the city.

SAMUEL—I have a plan in my head by which we can get some fun and revenge, both, out of them, if we carry it through properly. This is what I mean, I will be a young man subject to fainty spells and fits. You pretend to be my brother or friend, and if they insist on our going in to buy, over there, why, we will go in and all *I* want is for them to put a new suit of their clothes on me. Just leave it to me, John, and see what will come of it.

JOHN—Very well. I think I see what you mean, and I suppose you intend to show them such a *fit* as they have not seen for many a day.

[JOHN *and* SAMUEL *saunter along lazily until they arrive in front of store, when they are accosted by* JAKE SWEET.]

JAKE—Good day, gentlemen. (*Shakes hands very cordially with* JOHN *and* SAMUEL.) Very glad to meet you, gentlemen; wont you step in and look at some goods, to-day?

JOHN—Well, no,—not to-day. We do not wish to buy any clothes for the present, and to trouble—

JAKE—No trouble at all, gentlemen, to show *our* goods; and if you do not wish to buy *now*, why at another time when you may, you will know where to come.

SAMUEL—Say, Mister What's-your-name, I wish you would n't interrupt us, as we do not wish to buy, and have not time to stop.

JAKE—Only take a moment, gentlemen, to look in at our very extensive assortment of gents', youths' and children's fine ready-made clothing—the largest and best, and

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by all odds the cheapest, Clothing Emporium in the city, if not in the United States. Just step right in, and Mr. Isaacs, my partner, an *Am*-erican city-*zin*, of whom our city may well be proud, will take pleasure in showing you through our mammoth establishment. (JOHN *and* SAMUEL *turn to go in.*) [*Louder.*] *Attend to the gentlemen!*

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—Inside of store—MR. ISAACS coming forward to meet JOHN and SAMUEL.

MR. ISAACS—Glad to meet you, shentlemens. Vot clozings vill you look at to-day, shentlemens?

SAMUEL—Nothing at all, sir. We do not wish to buy anything, whatever; but your partner requested us to step in and look at your establishment, and as we are on a sight-seeing tour, we could not refuse his kind invitation.

MR. ISAACS—Shust so, shust so, shentlemens! und eef you vill valk dis vay, I show you sometings dat vill make your eyes vater. (*They all three walk back, and he takes up a coat.*) Vat you tinks of dat? Dat coats cost to make him shust dwenty-seven tollars, seex and swansy cents. Ve are selling off all dis stock vot you see to close pizness, and dat coats I vill sell to you for feefteen tollar. Vot you tink of dat, shentlemens?

JOHN—It's very cheap, no doubt, but we don't want to buy; and besides, my friend here is so subject to bad fits, that I would advise you not to detain us too long. We would prefer to look through, and then go on our way.

MR. ISAACS—Ve have no troubles mits de fits here, shentlemens. Now, shust to show vat fits dis coats vill make, shust let me put him on von leetle moment; and den eef you vants such a pargain as you never saw, you

can takes him alongt for only twelf tollar, vich is less da half vot it cost.

JOHN—I would rather you would not put the coat o my friend, as we have no time to detain longer.

MR. ISAACS—Shust von leetle moment, shentlemens, an you vill see such a fit as never vas.

SAMUEL—(*To* JOHN)—I'll bet *he* does! (*Takes o coat.*)

MR. ISAACS—(*Helping on with the new coat, which very long, and much too large. Gathers up the back wit his hand.*)—Shust see dat fit, shentlemens. Not vo wrinkle, and sets as if he vas made by de tailor of d king.

[SAMUEL *proceeds to button up the coat to the throa and in the meantime spits several times on the dirt floor. Then he begins to act strangely, striking an stretching himself, and assuming all kinds of quee attitudes—very much to the astonishment of* MR ISAACS, *and the amusement of* JOHN, *who, with a effort, maintains his gravity, and pretends to becom much excited as* SAMUEL'S *contortions increase.*]

JOHN—Oh, sir! I fear my friend stayed here too long— and he has been attacked with one of his fainting fits Will you help me to hold him?

MR. ISAACS—(*Trying to catch* SAMUEL *by the arm, bu dodging to one side as he gets near to him, to avoid being struck*)—Vell, dis is vot I does not understand, a'ready Oh, dat coat! Say, my shentlemens, I tell you vot I 'l do—you shust take the coat vor ten tollar.

JOHN—(*Trying with mock anguish to secure* SAMUEL *but always failing to get hold of him.*)—Well, the coat ma be cheap enough, sir, but I don't like the fit!

[SAMUEL *falls to the floor, and begins to wipe himself over it, to the great detriment of* MR. ISAACS' *coat.*]

MR. ISAACS—Shust see dat coat! Vat vill I do mit dat coat! I tell you vot I'll do. Shust take the coat at eight tollars, and don't go apout seeing no sights in my sthore a'ready, any more. Oh, dat coat! dat coat!

JOHN—We told you in the first place, sir, that we did n't want to buy, and did n't even want to come in; but you forced us to, and this is the consequence of it. I think my friend is getting better, and in a few moments he will be himself again. We can not buy the coat, which has been ruined. (SAMUEL *gets up, looking a little wild.*)

MR. ISAACS—Vell, how you feel a'ready? (*Helps him to pull off the coat.*) Shust see vot your fits do! Vot you come into my sthore fur all de vile? Now you both leaves! You gooms in again, I have policeman take hold of you, and puts you out mit your fits in der sthation-houses.

[JOHN *gathers up carpet bag and prepares to start.* SAMUEL *breaks out into violent laughter, which* MR. ISAACS *mistakes for another attack of the "fits."*]

MR. ISAACS—Shake! Shake! Goom mit me and help me put out dese man mit de fits out!

[*Enter* JAKE SWEET, *who takes* SAMUEL—*who is laughing violently—by the collar, while* MR. ISAACS *pushes* JOHN *before him. Exit all.*]

[*Curtain.*]

NOTE.—Very much of the success of this Dialogue will depend upon the acting. Let it be done naturally, however. The effect is as often spoiled by an exaggeration in the manner of acting as much as exaggeration in words.

A PRECARIOUS PREDICAMENT.

CHARACTERS:—SMITH, BROWN, JONES, BLACK, WHITE, *Exquisite*, GRAY, GREEN, } and OTHERS, Hotel Idlers.
CHARLES AUGUSTUS BIGGS, waiting to be Married.
JANE MATILDA JENKS, Ditto.
TOM, a Hotel Waiter.

DRESSES.—CHARLES AUGUSTUS BIGGS—Black coat and tight black pants, white vest, gaudy necktie, bouquet in button-hole, tall silk hat. JANE MATILDA JENKS—White dress, profusion of flowers, large waterfall, gay with ribbons, fashionable bonnet. TOM—in shirt-sleeves, white apron. LOAFERS—Common dresses. WHITE—extreme of fashion.

TIME—Evening.

SCENE I.—A hotel reading-room, papers around, men reading, talking, smoking, and all free and easy.

SMITH—(*Yawning*)—Oh, hum! This *is* insufferably dull.

BROWN—(*Throwing down paper*)—If you mean the news, *yes*.

JONES—(*Tossing away cigar*)—If you mean the town, the news, the hotel, the weather, the *anything* just now, *I* say yes.

BLACK—And more, this rain has evidently settled down for "a spell of weather," and the gentlemen present may as well consider the fact settled that they must settle down for this evening at any rate, and *I'm* going to bed, for I can't stand it.

BROWN—And so are going to *lie down* to it, eh?

BLACK—That's stale. (*Rising.*) Well, I'm off, so good—

Enter TOM *with a rush.*

TOM—Halloo! here's a jolly go, gents; a couple just come in a hack through the pouring rain to be married! I'm off for the squire. [*Exit.*

JONES—Good for Tom. (*All give attention.*) "A word to the wise," and so forth, as another noted individual remarked on a similar great occasion. This is just the thing. "We are saved" (*tragically*) from dying of *ennui.* Now let's put our heads together and see if we can't at the same time save this pair of precious people from the matrimonial noose.

GREEN—Little this fair couple, now blissful in each other's love (*pathetically*),

"Just as snug as a bug in a rug,"

suspects what awaits them.

WHITE—Caw n't we perpetwate somethwing?

GRAY—What's the man's name? Tom! *Tom!* (*Calling.*)

BROWN—Say, don't you know the fellow has gone after the *executioner?*

SMITH—Never heard a squire called that name before.

GRAY—Well, no matter about the squire, or the man's name; and, as for the woman's, that isn't of any account either, seeing how soon she is to lose it.

JONES—I don't know about *that;* I've got an idea—

GREEN—You'd best get a firm grip on it.

JONES—That will save the fair creature from this wolf (of course he *is* one), and give us some rare fun too. Now listen. (*All draw up chairs around him, while he explains something to them; then all talk and laugh uproariously, exclaiming:* "We'll do it! we'll do it!")

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—A hotel parlor. JANE MATILDA and CHARLES AUGUSTUS seated on a sofa *in close proximity*, conversing lovingly. Noise of laughter outside, proceeding from reading room. They start, then continue conversing.

Enter JONES, *and walks up to* BIGGS.

JONES—Ah, Mr. Snodgrass, how *do* you *do?*

(*Shakes him by the hand*, BIGGS *staring.*)

BIGGS—How do you do, Mr. ——?

JONES—Oh, you know me well enough. And I know you of old. Glad to have met you again.

[*Bows and takes a seat at right.* JANE *and* BIGGS *continue conversation.*]

Enter SMITH.

SMITH—Ah, how are *you*, Snodgrass? Happy to see you, sir. (BIGGS *stares*, JANE *looks inquiringly.*)

BIGGS—My name is Biggs, sir. You've made a mistake in the individual.

SMITH—Biggs! Ha! ha! *That's* a good joke. *Biggs!* That *does* sound well for a change. Ha, ha, ha!

BIGGS—(*Mocking*)—"Ha, *ha*, HA!" What do you mean, sir? (SMITH *laughs, and takes seat.*)

JANE—What *do* they mean? (JONES *and* SMITH *laugh.*)

BIGGS—Only some curious, strange, funny mistake, love, that—

JANE—It *is strange*, but not very *funny* to *me.*

(*Sides off from* BIGGS.)

BIGGS—I really don't under—

Enter BLACK.

BLACK—My dear Snodgrass, how finely you're looking—and how happy. Just from home? Been long in these parts?

BIGGS—What *can* you mean, sir? My name is *Biggs*, isn't it, Jane?

JANE—Oh, dear, I don't know what it is, I'm sure.

(*Sits on farther end of sofa.*)

BLACK—Why, Snodgrass, have you so soon forgotten that excursion we took together, and the ladies—bless their dear hearts—how they did enjoy it.

(BIGGS *stares blankly.*)

JANE—(*Going up to* BIGGS)—Mr. What's your name—I demand an answer. *What do they all mean?*

BIGGS—(*Striking his heart, then clasping his hands in woe-begone tones*)—MR. to *me!* "*Mr. What's your name!*" Oh, Jane! I am your own Biggs, who loves you as his life.

JANE—(*Half appeased*)—How do I *know* that you are *my* Biggs?

BIGGS—I *am* Biggs. If I aint Biggs, who am I?

JANE—Oh, I don't know!

BIGGS—There, dear, I *am* your Biggie. Say I am. (*She assents.*) There! (*They again converse in low tones.*)

Enter WHITE.

WHITE—Aw, my deawest Snawdgraws, aw am exceedinglah happah to see yow. (*Extends hand. At the sound "Snawdgraws,"* BIGGS *springs to his feet.* WHITE *steps back.* JANE *screams.*)

BIGGS—What do you mean, sir? How dare you, sir? My name is B-I-G-G-S, sir. (*Great emphasis.*) Do you understand, sir?

WHITE—Awh! Well, aw should think aw might. You needn't snap aw fellawh up so, awh! Bat as awh'm aw sinnaw, (*using quizzing glass,*) the last pwevious time aw met you, your cognowmen *was* Snawdgraws.

JANE—Oh! I've been deceived! I've been deceived. I can't bear it any longer. Oh, dear!

(*Cries.* BIGGS *glares at* WHITE.)

WHITE—(*Soothingly*)—Pooauh young creatshawh!

BIGGS—Take *that*, puling scoundrel! (*Knocks* WHITE *down; he picks himself up carefully feeling his limbs to see if they are broken, then sits down.*) Oh, Jane, this is awful, upon my word and honor, it is dreadful—

JANE—I know it is. I'll go away. (*Starts up.* BIGGS *detains her.*) I must go.

BIGGS—(*Drops on his knees, wringing hands*)—Stay, hear me! I tell you that I *am* Biggs, and if I am not, *I* don't know who I am myself. Not a drop of Snodgrass blood courses through these veins. I protest, you *must* believe me.

[*She sits and wipes eyes.* BIGGS *sits with her. They begin to converse.*]

Enter GRAY.

GRAY—So, so! Here's Snodgrass, as I live.

(JANE *screams, and commences putting on bonnet.*)

BIGGS—You—you—you—I don't know what—I'm *Biggs*, BIGGS, BIGGS.

GRAY—Keep cool, my dear fellow, keep cool. How is dear *Mrs.* Snodgrass, and the cherubic Snodgrasses—five in all, I believe?

[JANE *is struck dumb—then holds up her hands and screams hysterically.*]

BIGGS—Wretch! Monster! Atrocious villains! all of them! (*Pointing to men on the stage.*)

GRAY—Do you thus style those five innocent babes of yours? What would *Mrs.* Snodgrass, *alias Mrs.* Biggs, *alias* anything else you choose to call her, say to such language?

JANE—(*Putting on bonnet*)—Vile deceiver! Monster! Let me go home to my mother. You've broken my heart. I go. Never dare cross my path again.

BIGGS—(*In perfect agony, drops on his knees*)—Jane! Jane! (*Seizes her dress; she spurns him.*) Oh, stay! Jane, I'm Biggs—your own Biggie!

JANE—(*Tragically*)—Go home to *Mrs. Snodgrass.*

BIGGS—(*Solemnly*)—On my knees I vow that there is n't a drop of Snodgrass blood in these veins. Hear me, oh, hear me! (*In agony as she moves away.*) Jane! Jane! (*He again seizes her dress, and falls on his knees; this time in speechless agony.* JONES *assists* JANE *to get away from him. Others rush up and hold him. He becomes desperate as* JANE *leaves the stage with* JONES. *They taunt him, asking,* "Has Snodgrass gone crazy? What ails the fellow?" *and similar expressions; keeping up a perfect buzz of* "Snodgrass! Snodgrass!")

[*Curtain.*]

DADDY DUMM.

CHARACTERS:—DADDY DUMM, old and childish.
MARTHA SMITH, his Daughter, } poor and unfortunate, with five
JOHN, her Husband, } small children.
HARRY, } Sons of MARTHA and JOHN SMITH.
BENNIE, }
MR. SIMPSON, California Friend.

SCENE I.—DADDY DUMM, MARTHA and HARRY in a mean, poor little kitchen. DADDY nodding in his arm chair, MARTHA binding shoes, and HARRY, the youngest child, building houses of kindling wood in the corner.

DADDY—Martha, when will John be home? The old man wants his supper.

HARRY—So do I, mamma. We had an awful long walk to-day, had n't we, Gran'dad, and looked in at the big windows all full of such jolly cakes; why can't you bake cakes like them, mamma?

MARTHA—(*Rising and putting away her work*)—Harry,

do be quiet, you only make your Gran'dad worse. Cakes indeed! If I could afford plenty of flour to make good bread, and plenty of it, I would be satisfied without troubling about cakes.

HARRY—Well, I'd just like as much cake as I could eat once, any how, but I'm hungry enough just now to eat a whole little pig if I had it.

MARTHA—Harry, I wish you wouldn't talk so foolish. Your father'll be in directly and the boys, then we'll have the little we've got to eat. Dear knows, it's little enough, and getting less every day!

DADDY—(*Waking suddenly from his nodding*)—Martha, did you say the supper was ready?

MARTHA—No, father, but I am getting it ready as fast as I can. (*Aside.*) Poor old man! Poor old father! it's the last meal you'll eat with us. (*Begins to cry, and wipes her eyes on her apron.*)

SCENE II.—Enter JOHN and the three BOYS under fourteen, ragged, dirty, and work begrimed.

JOHN—(*Aside to his wife*)—Don't take on so about it; it seems hard, but he wont mind it long.

MARTHA—I know, John; but it seems so hard to send him to the poor-house when he worked hard all his life. It seems disgraceful to honest poor people.

JOHN—(*With a sigh*)—It can't be helped; times are getting harder and harder every day. There were more hands discharged from the foundry this mornin'; expect me and the boys will go next, then we'll all have to go to the poor-house, I suppose.

MARTHA—John, don't say that. There'll be some way opened up, I'm sure. We must get Harry out of the way, in the morning. Poor fellow, he'll miss his Gran'dad.

JOHN—I'll be up and have him off before the little rascal's out of bed.

SCENE III.—The family at breakfast.

BENNIE—Mamma, where's Gran'dad? I promised to take him to the factory to-day. Aint he up yet?

MARTHA—He went out with your father.

HARRY—Well, I'd like to know where father's gone to, that's all. Gran'dad don't travel this early often.

Enter JOHN *and* GRAN'DAD.

MARTHA—(*Surprised*)—Why, John, you're back soon! (*Looks at* DADDY.)

JOHN—Yes, but remember that I haven't had my breakfast yet.

HARRY—(*Going up to* DADDY)—Hallo, Gran'dad! I say, where have you been with your Sunday clothes on?

DADDY—(*Confidentially*)—Wanted to put the old man in the poor-house; they brought me back to see Harry and Martha though.

JOHN—(*Aside to* MARTHA)—I could n't do it; when I got there I had n't the nerve. Just as we went through the gate, he looked up in my face so pitiful like, and says he, "Aint this the poor-house, John?" No, no, Martha, I'll not send him there if we are all turned out in the street together. (*A knock at the door.* JOHN *opens it, and admits an elderly stranger.*)

JOHN—(*Bowing*)—Take a seat, sir.

STRANGER—(*Sitting down*)—Does Peter Dumm live here?

JOHN—Yes, (*pointing to* DADDY'S *corner,*) there's the old man himself, very childish though now, can't make him comprehend much.

STRANGER—Well then, I'll tell my business to you, and, I dare say, my news will be most welcome. He had a brother, William Dumm, had he not?

MARTHA—Yes, he was father's youngest brother; he was a baby when his parents died, and father raised him. Oh, yes! I remember uncle William like a book; though it must be twenty years since he went to California.

STRANGER—Yes, yes, the same. My name is John Simpson, just returned from California a few days ago. I was with William Dumm in the last hours of his life, and was intrusted by him with his earnings to be given by me to his brother, the said Peter Dumm or his heirs. These earnings are by no means a fortune, but in the hands of a clever and a competent person, will be quite a start.

[*Hands* JOHN *a large pocket book and bundle of papers.*]

MARTHA—(*Bursting into tears*)—Let us never complain again, John.

JOHN—(*Much affected*)—No, Martha; but it seems hard to be poor, sometimes. Poor old man!

HARRY—(*Who has been listening; pulling at his mother's dress*)—Say, mamma, wont Gran'dad and me have the cakes now?

[*Curtain.*]

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

CHARACTERS:—FARMER JENKINS.
MRS. JENKINS.
SCHOOLMASTER.
SCHOOLBOYS.

SCENES.—A country school-house and grounds, and the Farmer's house across the road.

I.

FARMER JENKINS meets the SCHOOLMASTER at his gate.

FARMER—Good morning, sir. I was just coming over to have a word with you.

SCHOOLMASTER—Well, friend Jenkins, you shall have it now and here if you like, or would you rather come in? We have a half-holiday to-day.

FARMER—Thank you. It is only about your boys stealing my apples, and—

SCHOOLMASTER—(*Interrupting him*)—Stealing! You are surely mistaken, Mr. Jenkins. My boys can not be guilty of stealing.

FARMER—Well, sir, I don't know how you may call it; but when a boy climbs my fence, and strips my finest apples from the trees, without asking leave or license, I call it stealing, and—

SCHOOLMASTER—Stop, Mr. Jenkins! If you have any such accusation to make against my boys, it must be made in their presence. Please to walk in with me.

[*The* FARMER *and* MASTER *go in together to the school-house. The* MASTER *then rings the great bell, and the* BOYS *speedily assemble in the school-room.*]

SCHOOLMASTER—Boys, take your seats. Face round. Do you know our friend Jenkins? Yes. Well, then, he has something to say to you. Now, Mr. Jenkins, be good enough to speak, and I give you my word you shall have justice.

[FARMER JENKINS *hesitates, looks embarrassed, but finally puts his hands in his shaggy coat-pockets and speaks in a good-humored tone, as follows:*]

FARMER—Well, boys, it's about them bellflower apples of mine. You know I told you, last year, you were welcome to as many apples as you wanted, if you'd only come'n ask for 'em, and not take 'em by stealth. Now, them bellflowers aren't fully ripe yet, and, besides, that's my old woman's favorite tree, and she always likes to have the first picking of it herself, as she has a right to,

I'm sure, seeing as her father planted it. But some of you have been over my fence, and have pretty nigh stripped all the biggest apples off that tree, and whether the master may call it stealing or not, I'm sure neither he nor I, nor you either, for that matter, can call it fair and honorable. Can you, now?

SCHOOLMASTER—I call it highly dishonorable, Mr. Jenkins, and so must every boy in this school. Boys, if there is any one of you who does not think such conduct dishonorable and disgraceful, let him hold up his hand, and then give his reasons. (*Not a hand rises, but all the* BOYS *hang their heads, and look very much ashamed of themselves.*) I am glad to see that you all agree with me. Now, Mr. Jenkins, I promised you justice, and you shall have it. But you will oblige me by retiring for the present, while I settle this matter with my boys. We will call on you at your house by and by.

FARMER—(*Starts, but pauses as he reaches the door, and turning round, says, with a smile:*)—Don't be too hard on the lads, sir. I don't care for the apples—that is, I wouldn't, if it wasn't that my old woman liked to pick 'em. But I guess they wont do it again, sir.

SCHOOLMASTER—You are a kind-hearted man, Mr. Jenkins. But justice shall be done. Good morning. (*The* FARMER *smiles and nods to the* BOYS, *and goes away.*) Now, boys, attention. Some of you have been guilty of a mean, ungentlemanly, dishonest action in robbing Farmer Jenkins of his apples. I do not believe any of you would add falsehood to your other dishonor by denying your guilt. But I do not choose to put you to the proof by asking. Let every boy in the school go and bring me every apple in his possession. (*The* BOYS *all go out, and presently return, each with his stock of apples, some in bags, some in handkerchiefs, some in their hands, and place them*

on the floor.) Now, then, each boy gather up his apples and follow me in single file. Ready! Attention! Forward, march! (*The* Boys, *each with his burden, march silently and steadily after the* Master, *out of the school-room, into the play-ground, down the path, through the gate, across the road, into* Farmer Jenkins's *ground, up to his house, on to his porch.*) Halt! (*Cries the* Master.) Form in line! Each boy place his apples on the ground directly in front of him. Now, then! (*He raps at the* Farmer's *door.*)

II.

The door opens, and Farmer Jenkins appears, very much surprised at the scene before him.

Schoolmaster—Mr. Jenkins, we have called to do you all the justice in our power. We are heartily ashamed of our paltry and dishonorable conduct in robbing you of your apples, in return for your generous offer to give us as many as we wanted at the proper season. We humbly beg that you will forgive us our trespass, and that you will take back this fruit which rightly belongs to you. And we pledge you our honor, as gentlemen, that we will never again be guilty of such disgraceful conduct, either toward you or any one else. Boys! We pledge our honor. (*The* Boys, *earnestly and with tears in their eyes, all exclaim:* "We pledge our honor.")

Farmer Jenkins—(*Wipes his eyes on the cuff of his sleeve, then grasps and shakes the* Master's *hand heartily, and says:*)—Thank you, sir! Thank you, boys! I believe you, I do indeed, I—I—my old woman—here! wife! wife! (*His* Wife *comes out and stands by him wondering.*) Wife, these boys have behaved like—like first-rate fellows. We—we don't want their apples, you don't want 'em, you wouldn't take 'em, would you?

MRS. JENKINS—Massy! no indeed, let the boys have 'em and welcome, if that's all.

FARMER JENKINS—There, boys, carry 'em along, do! And when they're gone, just you come to me, or to my old woman, and we'll give you as many more!

SCHOOLMASTER—Mr. Jenkins, I thank you and honor you for your goodness; but as to these apples—

MRS. JENKINS—(*Interrupting him*)—Oh, do let the boys have 'em, sir. If you don't, we—we'll—we'll feed them to the pigs! We couldn't think of eating 'em after what's happened. We couldn't indeed, sir!

SCHOOLMASTER—(*While* MRS. JENKINS *is speaking,* FARMER JENKINS *goes busily round, picking up the bags and bundles of apples, and forcing them back into the* BOYS *hands, and the* MASTER, *seeing the uselessness of further severity, and feeling that the lesson had been fully understood, smiles and says:*)—Well, boys, you have sinned, you have repented, you have made amends, and you have been forgiven. So there is nothing left for you but to thank Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins for their generous kindness, and then—attention! single file, forward, march!

BOYS—(*Marching home, with the* MASTER *at their head, waving their caps and shouting:*)—Hurrah for Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins! Hurrah for our master! Hurrah for Justice and Mercy!

[*Curtain.*]

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

CHARACTERS:—Mrs. Elvira Higgins, Mrs. Jemima Whitney, Mrs. Lyme, Miss Slimkins, } Neighbors.
Mrs. Annie Barker, Young Widow.
Harry Woods, Gentleman from New Orleans.
John Brown, David Lake, } Neighbors.

Scene I.—A room. Mrs. Whitney discovered.

Enter Mrs. Higgins.

Mrs. Higgins—I've got an awful piece of news.

Mrs. Whitney—What?

Mrs. Higgins—The widder Barker's got a beau.

Mrs. Whitney—You don't say so!

Mrs. Higgins—Yes, it's a fact, and what's more and wuss, he's han'some.

Mrs. Whitney—Well, if that doesn't beat all! Her husband isn't more'n six months dead. Oh, what are we comin' to?

Mrs. Higgins—Yes, it's awful. I thought I'd run over and tell you about it.

Mrs. Whitney—I'm glad you come. Sich things ought to be circumlocuted throughout the land, and public opinion will condemn and crush out sich kerryins on.

Mrs. Higgins—But I haven't told you the wust.

Mrs. Whitney—My! there can't be any more. But tell me all. Let me hear to what extent the venomous widder has gone.

Mrs. Higgins—Why she actilly kissed him in broad daylight.

Mrs. Whitney—Goodness gracious! Oh, the utter recklessness of that woman. Are you sure it is true?

MRS. HIGGINS—Yes; there's no mistake. John Porter's boy driv the stranger up from the depot, and when they arruv at Mrs. Barker's house, that woman actilly cum out and kissed the man.

MRS. WHITNEY—Dreadful! Awful! Excruciating!

MRS. HIGGINS—Yes, and it must be looked into.

MRS. WHITNEY—I allers thought the widder wasn't as partickelar as she might be, but I wasn't prepared for sich an overwhelmin' shock. Who on airth told you about it?

MRS. HIGGINS—Tim Wheeler's wife told me not more 'n half an hour ago. I thought I must run over immediately, fur sich a case of orful onfidelity to poor Mr. Barker's memory ought to be sounded from one eend of the univarse to the other, and the people ought to rise in virtuous indignation and let the widder know what they think of her doin's.

MRS. WHITNEY—Yes, them's my sentiments to a T. Now I'd never a thought of allowin' any body to visit me so soon arter my Samuel—poor, dear man—was tuck away from me.

MRS. HIGGINS—Yes, Jemima, you have acted properly, and although your dear husband has been gone fur up'ards of two years, yet you have made no efforts to win another.

MRS. WHITNEY—And I never shall make no efforts. I don't believe in the women folks doin' the courtin'. When a woman makes advances it tends to disgust the male sect, in a manner, and I never could think of doin' so. Now there's Josiah Plankerton, he's been a comin' here some lately, but he haint said nothin'. I am very well sitivated as I am, but if Josiah should ax me to be a mother to his seven little orphans, I should consider it my duty to go with him and endeavor to be a keerful wife.

MRS. HIGGINS—Yes, Jemima, that would be perfectly proper; but when a widder who hasn't been a widder

more'n six months, allows a young feller with a big mustache to come a courtin', and when she runs out to meet him, and kisses him in broad daylight, then I think the matter ought to be looked into, and somethin' done to ixpose the woman's onfidelity to her departed husband. Indeed, it is a wonder poor Mr. Barker doesn't rise in his grave and visit her in his windin' sheet, and inform her that sich perceedin's must be stopped without delay or stay of execution.

MRS. WHITNEY—Now I have missed my poor dead and gone Samuel's company very much. Sometimes I feel sad and lonely.

MRS. HIGGINS—Yes, I have no doubt of it, and it would be perfectly right fur you to marry ag'in.

MRS. WHITNEY—Yes, but sometimes I think I shall remain forever as I am, and then ag'in sometimes I think that if Josiah Plankerton should ax me to be his'n, I couldn't find it in my heart to refuse. Somebody should look arter his poor orphanless children, and I suppose it is as much my duty to bear the burden upon my poor shoulders as anybody's, and I shouldn't endeavor to lay it upon others.

MRS. HIGGINS—You are right; we shouldn't endeavor to shrink from no duty.

MRS. WHITNEY—Now, there was Eli Bolton, he cum over here about six months after my poor dead and gone Samuel was tuck away, and he commenced a tellin' me how young and prepossessin' I looked, and I jest informed him on the spot that it warn't proper just yit fur me to listen to sich remarks from an unmarried man. I also told him that he might continner his visits, but I couldn't allow him to speak fur some time to come. I s'pose this offended him, fur he didn't come back any more, and it warn't long till he married that old maid, Peggy Win-

gerley. Now, I don't think I did wrong in sayin' so to Eli, because a widder ought to have proper respect fur her poor dead and gone husband, partickelarly if he was as good a husband as my poor Samuel was.

MRS. HIGGINS—(*Rising*)—Well, I must be a goin'.

MRS. WHITNEY—I'm sure you need n't be in a hurry.

MRS. HIGGINS—But you know the sewin' circle meets at our house this afternoon, and I want to git things straightened up. You'll be over, of course?

MRS. WHITNEY—Yes; you may expect me.

MRS. HIGGINS—I expect the widder Barker and her beau will be there. I intend to give her a piece of my mind, and I'll be glad if you will put in a word occasionally, and assist me.

MRS. WHITNEY—I will do so. I scorn that woman anyhow, and I have no doubt I shall make some scornful remarks. I allers had an idee that she was a tryin' to hold herself above common folks, and I have hearn tell that she has sot her cap fur the minister.

MRS. HIGGINS—I have no doubt of it. I seed her lookin' oncommon pleasant at him last Sunday, but good man that he is, he did n't seem to keer fur her smiles. But I must be a goin'.

MRS. WHITNEY—I'm sure, Elvira, you need n't be in a hurry.

MRS. HIGGINS—Oh, yes; I must go. I left Becky Jane a makin' peach presarves, and I'm afeared she'll let 'em bile over. You'll be sure and come?

MRS. WHITNEY—Oh, yes; sartinly. I would n't miss the circle nohow, if the widder's to be there.

[*Exit* MRS. HIGGINS.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—A room. Several women seated around a table, engaged in sewing.

MRS. HIGGINS—I s'pose you've all heard the news—haven't you?

SEVERAL VOICES—No! What is it? Do tell!

MRS. HIGGINS—The widder Barker's got a beau.

SEVERAL VOICES—You don't say so! Well, if ever! My goodness!

JOHN BROWN—Why, her husband hasn't been dead more'n six months.

MISS SLIMKINS—Oh, it is dreadful!

MRS. HIGGINS—And it ought to be looked into.

MRS. LYME—I'm in favor of callin' a church meetin' immediately and havin' the widder put out.

MRS. HIGGINS—But I haven't told you the wust.

SEVERAL VOICES—You haven't! Do tell! What can be worse?

DAVID LAKE—Speak out, Mrs. Higgins, and let us know the worst.

MRS. HIGGINS—Why, she actilly flew out of the house and kissed the new beau when he driv up to the house.

SEVERAL VOICES—Good land! Sakes alive!

MRS. HIGGINS—Yes; 'tis true, and the new beau has got a big mustache.

MRS. LYME—Wuss and wuss.

MRS. WHITNEY—Oh, it is dreadful! Somethin' must be done. Mrs. Higgins was a tellin' me about it this mornin', and I am clearly of the opinion that the matter ought to be presented to the church and some action tuck upon it.

MRS. HIGGINS—Fur my part I'm a goin' to give her a piece of my mind when she comes here to-day. Sich doin's should meet with scorn and indignation.

Enter MRS. BARKER *and* HARRY WOODS.

MRS. BARKER—Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Allow me to introduce Mr. Harry Woods, of New Orleans. (*All bow.*)

MRS. HIGGINS—A beautiful day, Mrs. Barker.

MRS. BARKER—Yes, a beautiful day.

MRS. HIGGINS—(*Placing a chair*)—Be seated, Mr. Woods.

MISS SLIMKINS—(*Aside*)—He's a good lookin' feller.

MRS. BARKER—We always have a pleasant meeting in your house, Mrs. Higgins.

MRS. HIGGINS—Well, I'm glad you think so. I allers strive to keep myself respectable. Can you say as much, Mrs. Barker?

MRS. BARKER—Why, I am astonished, Mrs. Higgins What do you mean?

MRS. HIGGINS—Well, in the presence of this company I charge you with havin' a beau and your husband not six months dead. You also actilly flew at that beau and kissed him in broad daylight.

MRS. BARKER—Oh, I understand. Dear Harry, you see we have offended Mrs. Higgins.

MRS. WHITNEY—(*Aside*)—Dear Harry! The brazen-faced woman! (*To* MRS. BARKER.) Yes, and you have offended more than Mrs. Higgins. Indeed, the hull country is a blushin' at your behavior.

MRS. BARKER—Really, is this so? I am sure I was not aware that I was offending the good people of this neighborhood by receiving a visit from Harry.

MRS. WHITNEY—And do you say it is no offence to fly at a man and kiss him in broad daylight?

MRS. BARKER—I say it is perfectly right to kiss some people at any time.

MRS. WHITNEY—And I s'pose you think it is right to kiss this feller whenever you want to?

MRS. BARKER—Mrs. Whitney, I do not wish to be invidious, but I would like to ask if you think it proper to kiss Mr. Josiah Plankerton at your gate in the dusk of the evening?

MRS. WHITNEY—(*Excitedly*)—It isn't so? It isn't so! I'd like to know who seed me. I tell you it's a falsettofication. (*Some of the younger members of the circle laugh.*) Oh, you needn't giggle. Would you believe this base woman in preference to me? Would you believe a woman who had a beau before her dear departed husband was six months gone, and kissed him under the burnin' noonday sun? I actilly have a notion to get up and go home in disgust.

MRS. HIGGINS—No, Mrs. Whitney; don't retreat, or they will think that you are conquered. We have sot out with the determination of holdin' the widder up to the scorn of the world, and let us go forward in the work.

MRS. WHITNEY—Yes; you're right. I will perceed to the work. Mrs. Barker, you ought actilly to be ashamed of yourself. A widder should conduct herself properly, and when she fails to do so the community should perceed to administer a severe rebuke. Your actions have brought down upon you the virtuous indignation of the excited populace, and the first thing you will know you will be fetched up before a church meetin' and you will be expelled in disgust and renown. Did any person ever hear of sich doin's? Kissin' a man in broad daylight and him a stranger!

MRS. BARKER—I suppose then the difference between your offence and mine is that I kissed a stranger and you kissed one who was not a stranger.

MRS. WHITNEY—I didn't! I didn't! I tell you it's

a falsettofication, and even if Josiah did kiss me, we had paid proper respect to our dear departed pardners before we forgot ourselves. (*Some of the ladies laugh.*) Oh, you need n't giggle! I tell you it's a falsettofication, and Mrs. Barker knows it.

HARRY—Perhaps if the ladies present were informed as to who I am, this storm would subside.

MRS. HIGGINS—Who are you, anyhow?

MRS. BARKER—I thought I had introduced him. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present Mr. Harry Woods of New Orleans.

HARRY—Annie, you had better tell them all.

MRS. BARKER—Ladies, you have meddled considerably with my affairs. I will now explain. Harry Woods is my brother—the son of my mother by her second husband. Is it any wonder that I "actilly flew at him and kissed him," as some of you have expressed it, when I had not seen him for five years?

MISS SLIMKINS—Land of oceans!

MRS. HIGGINS—Goodness gracious!

MRS. WHITNEY—Sakes alive!

MRS. BARKER—I would now suggest that in the future you be not so hasty in your conclusions, and that you would remember the excellent motto, "*Mind your own business.*"

[*Curtain.*]

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

CHARACTERS:—A Group of School Children.
Willie Brown, a Boy-gossip.
Jimmie Day, the Victim.

Scene.—Fifteen Boys and Five Girls. Thirteen Boys are standing around, with their hats on and their school books under their arms, while near them are Four Girls. Willie Brown, first speaker, rushes in, almost out of breath.

Willie Brown—Have you heard the bad news, boys?

Richard—No! What news? Is the world coming to an end?

Frank—Is there an earthquake, or a comet, expected?

Willie Brown—No, no! The story about Jimmie Day and the teacher on Friday. It is perfectly awful!

Daniel—Indeed it is! It almost makes me sick. I never heard of such a cruel man in my life. I hope they'll hang him right up! Poor little Jimmie!

Maggie—Do you mean the teacher, boys?

Willie Brown—Yes; they say he's got took up, and put in jail; and I'm glad of it!

Charlie—*Got took up?* That is gay grammar! What *has* the teacher done?

James—Yes, do tell us, Willie. He has not roasted Jimmie *alive*, has he, or locked him up in the desk and starved him? Come, speak out! We're dying to know!

Willie Brown—Well, you remember that Mr. Brown told Jimmie Day to stay after school, last Friday night?

Mary—Yes, and wondered what it meant, too.

Nellie—So did I, for he never whispers, and had better lessons than any of us.

Willie Brown—Well, about half past four, that day, they had a regular row. Mr. Brown whipped Jimmie

half to death, split his head open with the ruler, and Doctor Cobb carried him home in his buggy.

NELLIE—How do you know? Who said so?

WILLIE BROWN—Why, Joe Dodge told grandmother, and she told Aunt Sallie, and auntie told father, and he told mother; then sister Kate heard mother tell Josh Peters that Ned Winters saw Jimmie standing outside of the school-house, with blood running all down his face;—and—

DANIEL—Yes, and mother saw Dr. Cobb go in there last Saturday, and there was crape on the door on Sunday morning, for papa saw it.

SAMUEL—So of course he is as "dead as a door nail!"

JACK—But who says the school-master is in prison?

WILLIE BROWN—Oh, they only *guessed* that, because somebody saw squire Peace and the constable going toward Mr. Brown's last night. If they hang him, there'll not be any more school very soon—

FRED—I'm very sorry, boys! Mr. Brown is a splendid teacher.

OTTO—So we all thought, once; but, I suppose we may as well take our books and go home.

DANIEL—Yes, come on, girls, and don't look so sober about it. (*Ting-a-ling—ting-a-ling, goes a bell in the hall.*)

STEPHEN—What is that? Not the first bell, I hope?

FRANK—It is, though. What *can* it mean? And there is Mr. Brown, now, standing on the front steps!

PETER—And here comes Annie Day, and *Jimmie* too, as sure as I live! He has his books, and looks as well as ever. What a hoax, after all!

SAMUEL—Where? where? Oh, *now* I see them! What a falsehood! *How people will talk;* as mother says.

SOPHIE—I mean to ask Annie Day all about it.

MARY—So do I. Annie Day, come here! (ANNIE

smilingly advances.) What was the matter with Jimmie, on Friday? And why did the teacher punish him, after school?

ANNIE—Well, that *is* funny. Jimmie, listen a minute, do!

HENRY—Yes, old fellow, we just heard that Mr. Brown broke your head, and—and—well, that you were *dead.*

JIMMIE DAY—Why, what a story! He never struck me in my life! I asked him to let me stay after four o'clock, and work out a few of my hardest problems on the blackboard, and he very kindly helped me to do every one of them; then showed me how to color my map of South America.

WILLIE BROWN—Indeed! But what were you doing out of doors, with blood running down your face, Jim?

JIMMIE DAY—Oh, I remember *that,* now. My nose bled, and I went out until it stopped. It was a very warm day, you remember.

MAGGIE—Yes; but what was the doctor doing at your house? You can't fool *me* so easily; you bet! (ANNIE *steps up to her.*)

ANNIE—Well, *I'll* tell you how he came there. You see, his brother Charles had just come to make him a visit, and as papa and the Cobbs were schoolmates, the doctor ran over to our house, and invited papa and mamma to tea. They went, and we had lots of fun.

SAMUEL—But how came *crape* on your door?

ANNIE—Crape? Well, well—well! did I ever! (*She laughs softly to herself, then adds:*) Our poor little canary bird died last Friday, and Jimmie told me that he would make a coffin for it; so, on Saturday, he did so, and we had just the *gayest* funeral you ever attended. Lulu tied some old black crape on the door knob, just to make believe, and fool the Wakefields, across the street,—

MAGGIE—But what made you want to fool them?

ANNIE—Because, you see, when little Sue Wakefield died, they didn't invite Jimmie and me to the funeral, and Bridget told us not to care, for may be we'd have one of our own, some of these days, and then we could just spite them, by paying them off in their own coin. But *there goes the last bell.* What a fuss folks will make about nothing! I wonder how Mr. Brown will feel about having such a scandalous falsehood told about him?

PETER—Mother says that's just the way most stories get started. If there is any one that I despise, it is a *tale-bearer.*

JOHN—You are right. Let us all learn a useful lesson from this affair, and, in future, be very careful how we repeat anything, until we know it to be true. This story reminds me of the song of the "Three Black Crows."

[*Curtain.*]

THE SLEEPING BOY.

TABLEAUX.

SCENE I.

The curtain on first rising discovers a pleasant home-scene. At the right and near the front is seated a mother by the cradle of her boy. A soft lullaby is played behind the scenes.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—What the mother saw.

When the curtain rises this time, mother and child have both fallen asleep. A low, sweet melody is performed, which gradually fills with life, as a curtain at the

back opens, right and left, and discovers her son, now a young man of sixteen or eighteen years, surrounded by four beautiful young ladies, personating Pleasure, Love, Wealth, and Fame, each of whom is presenting him gifts through four little cherubs, who are grouped in front; one cherub, kneeling, presents a chalice; Cupid, standing, offers his bow and quiver; another offers gifts of gold; and the last, the laurel wreath of fame.

These are all surrounded with a misty light, in which they vanish, and in their place appears a throng of young men and maidens in holiday attire, strewing flowers and evergreens in the pathway of her son, now a man. All are making obeisance to him, and the music swells into a pean of victory, as in a flood of light falls the

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.—What the boy saw.

When the curtain rises it discovers both mother and child, still asleep. A low plaintive melody gradually changes to a dirge, as the curtains at the back open, and discover a mother weeping over an empty cradle. These are hid by black drapery drawn together from either side, which is immediately parted again, and a moment after there appears a group of angel children, with harps and wreaths, and crowns, passing up a stairway of gold, with the boy in the midst, while one is placing a crown upon his brow, and another is handing him a harp.

Sweet strains of music and a burst of light as falls the

[*Curtain.*]

DIRECTIONS.—*Characters.*—These consist of a young lady to represent the mother; a child old enough to know what is wanted, but not too large, to personate the boy in

the cradle; four handsome young ladies to personate, respectively, Pleasure, Love, Wealth, and Fame, of nicely graded heights; four little children for cherubs; a handsome boy of sixteen years, and a man of thirty—and between these two there should be as much resemblance as possible; a young lady who should as nearly resemble the mother as possible; a group of young men and women of various ages; and several very small children as angels.

DRESS.—That of the mother plain and neat. Pleasure, in white, with flowers. Love, very nearly the same. Wealth, heavy black silk, crown of black, with stars of gold, a black gauze veil covered with stars, profusion of jewelry. Fame, *very* plain dress. Four cherubs, in white, short dresses. Boy, in first scene, dress suit of black. Man in second scene, same. Young lady in part second, scene first, deep mourning. Angels, in white gauze wings, wreaths, crowns, harps, etc.

THE GROUPING AND MANAGEMENT.—Part First. The cradle and mother should be very near to the front, at the right, where they remain during the different scenes, exactly in the same position—asleep, after the first scene. On the fall of the curtain, which has discovered the mother getting her child to sleep, the manager announces before the curtain:—"Two scenes representing what the mother saw in her dream." There should be hung a curtain at the back of the scene that will divide in the middle and open each way. All the scenes behind this are upon a platform raised a foot or more, above the level of the front stage, where are displayed the dreams. This should be neatly carpeted, and so firm that no noise will be made when the changes are made as the misty white light envelops them.

A GOOD LIBRARY GONE UP IN SMOKE.

CHARACTERS:—WILLIAM JOHNSON, FRED LESLIE, } Clerks.

SCENE.—Room in a private house. Tables, chairs, library, etc. WILLIAM studying; lamp on table.

Enter FRED, *who is rather more fashionably dressed than* WILLIAM.

FRED—Hallo, Will! At it as hard as ever.

WILLIAM—Good evening, Fred. Take a seat.

(*Rises, and hands chair.*)

FRED—Hadn't ought to stop, just dropped in a moment on my way to the opera. It's of no use to ask you to go.

WILLIAM—Right there, Fred. Couldn't tempt me away from this oration of Cicero's for all the cultivated screeching imaginable—appreciative, am I not?

FRED—Perhaps I have an equal amount of appreciation for your favorite Cicero; so we are quits there. I never could endure Latin. And now really, Will, I think it is a downright sin, for poor clerks like you and me, for instance, who have to slave themselves from rosy morn to dewy eve—ahem—to shut themselves up at home, and never take a bit of recreation from one week's end to another. Will Johnson, you're unaccountable—a human anomaly!

WILLIAM—I am sincerely glad to know that there is anything wonderful about me. But you forgot the course of lectures that I'm attending.

FRED—Mercy on us! Do you call those learned disquisitions, recreation? Where men come to air their vocabularies and ventilate unintelligible, scientific jargon? *Recreation!* Why the one evening that I was so very verdant as to attend, I got my head perfectly confounded

with egotistical elucidations emanting from learned luminators, on the immensely important subject as to how many animalculæ can conveniently congregate in a small sphere of aqua, vulgarly termed a drop of water! How you can patiently listen to such stuff is more than I can see.

WILLIAM—If your learned peroration was a fair sample, well you might be amazed at the amount of patience required. But I shall attempt no defence of natural history. You would like it as well as myself, were your head not so full of that "divine prima donna." Aside from lectures, however, I indulge in much that, you will admit, is really interesting. I believe that you yourself take pleasure in *Harper*, and the *Atlantic*, to say nothing of a new book occasionally.

FRED—Granted, and that makes me think of a question, if you'll not consider me saucy?

WILLIAM—Half a dozen if you please. Proceed.

FRED—Well, here you are, a poor clerk, with a salary no larger than mine, and not a cent of spending money from any other source, while I have fifty dollars a year from home, yet I hardly manage to squeeze through, let alone magazines, and all the best of the new books and scientific works with which your library is constantly replenished. Quite often, too, when I've been in a tight place, you've kindly loaned me a little of the needful. Now I don't drink, gamble, nor play billiards. An occasional visit to the theater or opera is my only recreation, and yet I have not even a dollar to spare for a book; haven't bought one in the three years I've been here, and now you have a handsome library of something like a hundred volumes, and—I don't understand it.

WILLIAM—Very easily explained, Fred; but, Yankee-like, let me ask you a question. Isn't there just one pet indulgence that you forgot to mention?

FRED—What's that?

WILLIAM—Smoking, to be sure.

FRED—Well, really that's so small an indulgence that it's not worth mentioning. If memory serves me, you were formerly addicted to the weed?

WILLIAM—I am ashamed to say yes, but I saw the folly, the wickedness of it, and I have not polluted my lips with a cigar for more than two years. Since I have left off, I have felt twice the man I was before. But health is not all, and it is not so *small* a thing after all. What quality cigars do you smoke?

FRED—None but the best. They give a fellow more than ten cents worth of comfort, though. Settle one's dinner so nicely.

WILLIAM—Now let us look at the facts. Ten cents a day for three hundred and sixty-five days amounts to the modest sum of *thirty-six dollars* and *fifty cents*. Add to this, the extra cigars for special occasions and those for friends, and it will make up a round *fifty dollars* per annum for this *small indulgence*.

FRED—That rather knocks the wind out of my sails.

WILLIAM—That's not the worst of it. The smoking of aforesaid cigars knocks the life out of your vitals, as is clearly demonstrated by men that know more than either you or I.

FRED—Pooh! Why doesn't the Bible proscribe the use of the weed if it is such a murderous thing as you represent?

WILLIAM—I can only account for it, on the supposition that it's an invention for the purpose of destroying the self-respect and manhood of young men; that it was not even conceived of when the Bible was written. But seriously, now you understand where my library has come from. While you are wasting your money and ruining

your health for a filthy gratification, I am deriving las
ing benefit, as well as rare pleasure, for the same amou
of money judiciously expended in books; and instead c
worse than wasting my time at the theater or opera,
have, in my spare evenings, nearly fitted myself for co
lege, and hope to enter next fall, as my uncle has kind
offered to assist me through a course.

FRED—Really, Will, I'm hardly the fool not to see th
fact that your spare time and money, too, are much mo
profitably employed than my own. I thank you for yo
short, practical lecture, that has certainly opened my eye
and in future, when I wish a book, instead of troublin
you, I'll save my dimes and purchase it myself. An
(*turning to audience,*) as a friend, I sincerely hope tha
the young gentlemen present who are slaves to this filth
vice—for it is a vice—will reform with me; and while th
young ladies will not fail to remind them that *walkin
chimneys* are not the most agreeable companions for lif
I would beg them to remember that *many a good libra
has gone up in smoke.*

[*Curtain.*]

THE REMOVAL.

CHARACTERS:—SQUIRE DE VERE, a Nervous old Gentleman.
JENNIE, his Daughter.
TOM FORGE, WILL AXEL, } Blacksmiths.
JOHN, a Servant.

SCENE.—SQUIRE DE VERE'S sitting-room.

Enter SQUIRE DE VERE *with his hands up to his hea
Noise outside of blacksmiths working and singing.*

SQUIRE—There go those men again, from morning ti
night, nothing but pound! pound! pound! When I r

tired from the cares of business, and bought this fine mansion, I thought that I would never be disturbed; but too late, I found out my mistake. After I got here I discovered that on each side of my house was a blacksmith's shop! I must confess that they are hard-working men, for I can't hear any thing else but their hammers going from sunrise to sunset. And then after dinner, just as I want to take a slight nap, they must commence to sing, and as they both sing a different tune, it sounds any thing but harmonious.

Enter JENNIE, *sobbing.*

SQUIRE—Why, Jennie, what's the matter?

JENNIE—Why, papa, I was just beginning to practice my new song, that Madame Blareino says I sing so well, when those odious blacksmiths heard me, and began to sing some song of their own to the same tune.

SQUIRE—(*In a passion*)—This is too much! I wont stand it, I'll have them arrested! I'll—I'll—

JENNIE—Can't you make them go away from here? Perhaps, if you were to give them some money, they might move.

SQUIRE—The very thing! I would n't object to paying fifty or seventy-five dollars, if they would only go. But go to your room, and I will send John to tell them I wish to see them. (*Exit* JENNIE.) Now I'll send for the men and treat them well, and perhaps, with a little persuasion, I can get them to move. (*Calls:*) Here, John, quickly.

Enter JOHN.

JOHN—Did you call, sir?

SQUIRE—Did I call? Why of course I did; am I to stand bawling here all day for you? Why did n't you come before?

JOHN—I am very sorry, sir, but I did not hear you calling for the noise next door, or I would have come sooner.

SQUIRE—That's just it, none of us can hear any thing for that con—tinual pounding.

JOHN—Well, sir, I don't know how it can be stopped.

SQUIRE—That's what I called you for. Just run to the right hand shop, and tell the man that I'd like to speak to him; and then go to the other side and do the same thing there. Now hurry up.

JOHN—Yes, sir. [*Exit* JOHN.

SQUIRE—Ah, that will bring them. (*Walking up and down the room.*) Now I might as well rehearse my speech to them. (*Strikes an attitude.*) Gentlemen—but stop, they are not gentlemen. How shall I begin? Fellow citizens!—how's that? I guess that will do very well! (*Gesticulating.*) Fellow citizens! When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for you to move your shops—but I hear footsteps approaching, I must look stern and terrible.

Enter JOHN.

SQUIRE—Well, well, are they coming?

JOHN—They are very sorry, but they both have an order of fifty horse-shoes to finish before to-morrow night and they have not a moment to spare.

SQUIRE—Oh, horror! must I wait another day and hear fifty horse-shoes made on either side of me. What shall I do? I will make another effort. John, go and tell them that I have a question of the greatest importance to ask them; and say that I will pay them for lost time if they will come immediately.

JOHN—Yes, sir. [*Exit* JOHN.

SQUIRE—I hope they will come this time, anyhow

Fifty horse-shoes! I shudder to think of it. Why, I should go mad in an hour! Doctor Doseum said my nervous sensibilities were very acute, and could bear no sharp noise; but I see that lazy John coming with the blacksmiths.

Enter JOHN, *showing in* TOM FORGE *and* WILL AXEL. *They have dark aprons, paper caps made square, and each carries a large hammer.*

JOHN—Here they are, sir. [*Exit* JOHN.

SQUIRE—Good morning, my friends, take a chair.

TOM and WILL—Morning, Squire.

SQUIRE—I have no noubt that you are both surprised at my sending for you, but I have a very important question to ask you; come nearer. (*Brings them forward, one on each side of him.*) Now, my friends, if a person were to ask you to move your shops to oblige him, what would you say?

BOTH—(*Astonished*)—Move?

SQUIRE—Yes, my friends, move; what would *you* say? (*Turning to* WILL.)

WILL—Why, Squire, I'd say that we'd lose a good deal of money, if we were to move. Why, we couldn't find two shops so near together as ours, in town, and—

SQUIRE—Exactly, you are too near together, you spoil one another's business.

TOM—Not a bit of it, Squire, when one of us has too much work, he sends it to the other; we always share alike, don't we, Will?

WILL—That we do, Tom. Why, Squire, Tom had an order yesterday for one hundred horse-shoes to send away, and he gave me half the order.

SQUIRE—Well, I am glad to see that your being so near together does not make you envious of one another. But

come, we will have some refreshments. (*Calls:*) John! John!

Enter JOHN.

SQUIRE—Bring some cake and wine.

JOHN—Yes, sir, immediately. [*Exit* JOHN.

SQUIRE—Now, my friends, draw your chairs up to that table.

Enter JOHN, *with a tray, on which is a bottle and some glasses.*

SQUIRE—(*To* WILL)—Will you have some wine?

WILL—No, sir! I've lived thirty-five years without tasting a drop of liquor, and I hope that I can go the rest of my life without it.

SQUIRE—Ha! ha! ha! I hope you are not going to preach a sermon.

WILL—No, sir, I'm not going to preach. I am but a hard-fisted mechanic, but I would not put a drop of that wine in my mouth for a hundred dollars. (*Aside to* TOM.) I'll pay him up for that.

SQUIRE—Well, well! I meant no offence. (*To* TOM.) I guess you'll have some, wont you?

TOM—No, Squire, I never drink, but I'll take some cake. (*Stuffing his mouth full.*)

SQUIRE—Well, I am disappointed that you will not drink any wine, but help yourselves to the cake. Ahem! Suppose I would offer you twenty-five dollars apiece if you would move, would you do it?

BOTH—No, sir, nor for twice that sum!

SQUIRE—Well, my friends, I would like to have your company for dinner, then we could talk it all over quietly.

TOM—I am very sorry, sir, but we really couldn't, we have lost too much time now. (*Aside to* WILL.) He

wants to "soft-solder" us. (*Aloud.*) Well, Squire, we must be going.

WILL—(*Aside to* TOM)—Hold on, I've got a plan. (*Aloud.*) Squire, what would you give us to move? You know we are poor, hard working men, and we should lose a deal of money?

SQUIRE—(*Aside*)—I thought I would get them. (*Aloud.*) Well, I'll give you each fifty dollars, cash down, if you will pledge me your word to move to-morrow.

WILL—Yes, sir, we will.

SQUIRE—(*Producing pocket-book*)—Wait one minute till I count out the money.

TOM—(*To* WILL)—But—

WILL—(*Aside*)—Come here, I'll explain!

[BOTH *retire back,* WILL *explains and* TOM *laughs heartily;* SQUIRE *gets money all ready, the men come towards the front laughing.*]

SQUIRE—Here is the money. Remember you have pledged your word to move to-morrow; good day. Oh, by the way, where do *you* intend moving? (*To* WILL.)

WILL—Why, Squire, if you wish to know, I think it will be in this way: Tom Forge moves to my shop, *and I move to his.*

Disposition of Characters.

TOM SQUIRE WILL

[*Curtain.*]

ALL RIGHT AT LAST.

CHARACTERS:—JOTHAM HOSFORD, rich Old Bachelor.
CHARLIE TRUSDELL, poor Boy.
RICHARD, MR. HOSFORD'S Servant.
MRS. TRUSDELL, CHARLIE'S Mother.

MAKE-UP.—JOTHAM HOSFORD, a hale, hearty, brusque Bachelor of forty years, or thereabouts. Clothes rich, little out of style; colored silk neck-handkerchief, red pocket handkerchief. Full beard. CHARLIE TRUSDELL, a boy of fourteen, with pleasant, intelligent face; very gentle, manly manners; clothes poor, but neat. MRS. TRUSDELL, a lady of thirty-five; in a simple but becoming widow's dress. RICHARD, man-servant, usual dress.

SCENE I.—Bachelor's sitting-room. HOSFORD alone, in dressing gown and slippers, feet to fire. Comfortable furniture. Table, light, writing materials, *et cetera*.

HOSFORD—(*Soliloquizing, sitting in easy chair, evening paper in hand.*)—It seems comfortable here at home after a hard day among the "bulls and bears." "There's no place like home," so the girls used to sing when I was young. (*Opens paper, puts on eye glasses.*) That was quite a while ago—before I was surrounded with this constant buzz and bustle. (*Reads.*) "Reception at the President's house in Washington—Grand ovation—Immense concourse of people—The leaders and people out *en masse* to do honor, etc." Pshaw! Don't see the necessity for their being such fools over a man—a pretty solid one though—"Horrid murder—Railroad collision—Gold, 1.10"—still coming down since the election—"Revolution in Spain"—of *course*—"Earthquake in the Sandwich Islands—Interesting and important from China—Sudden death of General Smith."—No news to-night—What! *Trusdell dead?* Poor fellow! He married that pretty little Mollie Wilkinson that I used to *like*—well, yes, I *did, rather*. In fact, he cut me out. Hope he left property for the widow. Nice girl was Mollie, and smart

No milk-and-water there. Hope she's got enough to be comfortable. But *she'd* live anywhere. Would hunt her up and see if I could do any thing for her, but there's no clue here. No, just the death, among others. This makes me lonesome. Thought I was feeling comfortable when I sat down; but I declare it's a dreary life I've led. Poor to start with, I've fought it out alone. What's the good? Not a soul that I can call father, mother, sister, brother—not even a cousin. My accounts show a good balance—those last stocks did well, sixty-three per cent. They call me a millionaire; they say, too, that I'm heartless. I *hope* I've got a heart, though, (*starting up,*) and a stomach, too! (*Calls:*) Richard!

Enter RICHARD.

RICHARD—Yes, sir.

HOSFORD—Bring in my tea.

RICHARD—Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

HOSFORD—There are times when every one feels lonesome—even "old bachelors." I do, I know. Reading the death of poor Trusdell brought it on.

Enter RICHARD *with tray.*

HOSFORD—A cup of tea will drive it off.

[RICHARD *sets tray containing tea, toast, jelly and cold tongue on table. Pours tea, then takes place behind* HOSFORD'S *chair, who eats lightly.*]

HOSFORD—Is my clean linen home this week?

RICHARD—Yes, sir.

HOSFORD—The buttons, half of them off?

RICHARD—Yes, sir.

HOSFORD—Of course! Richard! (RICHARD *jumps.*)

RICHARD—Yes, sir.

HOSFORD—I need a wife!

RICHARD—Yes, sir.

HOSFORD—I knew you'd agree with me.

RICHARD—Yes, sir.

HOSFORD—I've done now; take away the tray.

RICHARD—Yes, sir. (*Clears up things.*)

HOSFORD—I haven't so much appetite to-night as usual.

[*Puts hand on heart and sighs.* RICHARD, *just going off with tray, mocks him, with hand extended over the lower regions of his vest.*]

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—Lapse of six months. HOSFORD'S private office down town. Desks, chairs, real-estate maps on walls. HOSFORD busy with daily papers.

HOSFORD—(*Soliloquizing*)—A fruitless search of six months, and no Mary yet. I hope she's not suffering. I happened to think of the "personals" in the *Tribune*; thought I'd try them; there it is. Good luck to the copy that gets to *her* hands. (*Reads.*)

PERSONAL.—If Mrs. C. G. Trusdell will forward her address to P. O. box 891, city, she will confer a favor on an old friend.

HOSFORD—That's all right. It's strange! But I'm getting as anxious about her as when I was twenty. I didn't know that because one was foolish when young, he must become an *old* fool if he lived. Now to business. (*Rapidly opens a pile of letters, glancing at contents. Knock at door.*) Come! (*Still engaged with letters.*)

Enter CHARLIE TRUSDELL, *who takes off cap and bows modestly. Stands waiting until* HOSFORD *speaks.*

HOSFORD—(*Looking up*)—Well, sir?

CHARLIE—Would you like to hire a boy?

HOSFORD—No, sir. (*Continues reading. After a little:*) What are you waiting for?

CHARLIE—Excuse me, sir, but do you know of any vacancy elsewhere?

HOSFORD—No, sir.

CHARLIE—If you are not *too* busy, could you give me just a word of advice, sir?

HOSFORD—Well?

CHARLIE—How *can* I obtain a situation? I've been trying for a week. If you ever had a poor mother to support, and was ever poor and had to start without help, you may be able to advise me.

HOSFORD—So you support your mother?

CHARLIE—No, sir; I've always been to school, and am within a term of graduating at the high school. But my father died, and now I must work for mother.

(*With emotion.*)

HOSFORD—I commenced when about your age. It's a hard world, boy.

CHARLIE—So mother says. But I am willing to do *any* honest work rather than for her to be obliged to tire herself out for me. I'm large enough to do *something.* I'll go into every store and office in the city, but I *will* find a place.

HOSFORD—I like *that!* What is your name?

CHARLIE—Charlie Trusdell, sir.

HOSFORD—Charlie *what?*

CHARLIE—Charlie *Trusdell.*

HOSFORD—What was you father's name?

CHARLIE—Charles G. Trusdell.

HOSFORD—And your mother's name—her maiden name?

CHARLIE—Mary Wilkinson.

HOSFORD—She *is* poor, then! She lives in town?

CHARLIE—Yes, sir; 211 Clinton Street.

HOSFORD—This is prompt! Didn't expect an answer

so soon. This is what comes of advertising! Put a notice in the *Tribune* with hardly a hope of success, and ten minutes after I've read it, in walks *her* son! Better than the man who advertised for a boy, and found one in a basket at his door next morning!

CHARLIE—(*Rather surprised*)—Then you advertised for somebody?

HOSFORD—Yes, but it was a *woman.* Never mind, you'll do as well. Glad to see you, Charlie, glad to see you! (*Shakes his hand.*) Sit down. (*He sits.*) So you are *her* boy, and *his* boy too? Well, well!

CHARLIE—You have decided to keep me, then?

HOSFORD—Yes, *always* if you will stay. You shall not leave school either. Would you like to go through college? You shall. This seems strange to you? Yes! So it is, Charlie, so it is. But I'm an old friend of hers—your mother.

CHARLIE—(*Surprised and pleased*)—I am *very* glad to see you, sir. I should be *very* glad to finish school and attend college; and I shall be so glad for *mother's* sake; but I can't do it though, I must work to take care of her.

HOSFORD—Noble boy! You shall have school, college and all, and your mother shall be taken care of.

CHARLIE—I have often heard her say that she had n't a friend left on earth, save me.

HOSFORD—She has! (*Wipes his eyes suspiciously.*) She was mistaken, Charlie. She was mistaken.

CHARLIE—So I see. God bless you, sir.

HOSFORD—Amen, boy, with all my heart, *amen!* and may He crown my life as I had not dared hope for years.

[*Curtain.*]

NOTE.—If desired, the news-items Hosford reads in his first soliloquy can be substituted by something of local or recent occurrence, and the name of newspaper changed to that of a local paper.

SCENE III.—A room poorly furnished. Every thing perfectly neat. MRS. TRUSDELL sewing.

MRS. TRUSDELL—(*Soliloquizing*)—I do not see why Charlie does not come. Again he has been out since early morning. His energy and devotion are really wonderful for one so young, and so comforting to a mother's heart. He is a noble boy and deserves the highest success. He must succeed finally. He would leave school rather than add to the weight of my cares, and for a week he has been seeking a situation so that I may not over-tax myself. Any mother might be proud of him, the dear, noble child. What should I do without him! I do not know of another friend living. There *was* one other; the last I knew of him, he was getting very rich. If he is alive he has probably forgotten *me*. I wonder if he would remember how he said to me one day, just before I married Charles, "Mollie, if you *ever* lack for a friend, or the services of a friend, remember there is *one* whose highest happiness would be in ministering to yours." That was the last time I ever saw Jotham Hosford, good, honest soul!

Enter CHARLIE *and* HOSFORD.

CHARLIE—Mother, I've got a situation, and one for you too! This gentleman has called to talk with you about it. (*Aside.*) Wont she be surprised!

MRS. TRUSDELL—(*Bowing to* HOSFORD)—I am very thankful, Charlie. Will you be seated, sir? (*Offers chair.*)

HOSFORD—Thank you, Mrs. Trusdell—*Mollie*, don't you know me?

MRS. TRUSDELL—Your voice *is* familiar. Is it—*can* it be possible! *Jotham Hosford?*

HOSFORD—*Jotham Hosford*, Mollie, (*taking her hand,*) with a situation for Charlie and for you too, (*laying his*

other hand on CHARLIE,) a place that has been vacant these years; and I've been waiting, waiting until now.

CHARLIE—IT'S ALL RIGHT AT LAST!

[*Curtain.*]

THE PARDON.

CHARACTERS:—The QUEEN.
NINA, ELMA, } Attendants of the Queen.
ANNIE, the Earl's Daughter.
A PAGE.

SCENE I.—The QUEEN'S boudoir. QUEEN discovered reclining on a rich divan or couch. She partly rises, and touches a bell.

Enter PAGE.

QUEEN—Tell my maidens, sirrah, that the Queen would rest.
Strange what sudden fears agitate my breast. [*Exit* PAGE.

Enter two MAIDS.

QUEEN—Nina, bring the lute, your sovereign fain would sleep.
Play a lively air, till slumbers o'er us creep.
(NINA *plays and sings.*)

QUEEN—(*Starting up*)—Hush that merry song; we love *not* the refrain,
Its joy but mocks our woe—put up the lute again.

NINA—Our most gracious Queen, peradventure may
Listen, while the strings breathe a softer lay.

QUEEN—Nay, good Nina, nay; bring the volume there,
England's bard may soothe a heart oppressed by care.
[ELMA *reads "Thyrza," by Lord Byron. The* QUEEN'S
eyelids slowly droop; she sleeps.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—A hall. The QUEEN seen walking, followed by her attendants.

Enter PAGE, *bearing a tray on which is a folded note. One of the* MAIDS *takes and presents it to the* QUEEN, *who reads it.*

QUEEN—Lead the vassal in. (*To her attendants.*) We
would be alone. [*Exit* MAIDS.
Oh, my heart is cold! Chill as sculptured stone.

Enter ANNIE, *dressed in deep mourning. Kneels.*

ANNIE—Will the noble Queen tarry, while I may
Courage find to ask the boon for which I pray?

QUEEN—(*Advancing*)—Name it, trembling child; be it
gems or gold,
Your white hands shall grasp all they well can hold.

ANNIE—Oh, most gracious Queen, 'tis not gold I need!
For my father's life, lovely Queen, I plead;
Friendless, sick and worn, in yon prison tower,
One, grown old with care, *dies* within an hour.
Do but sign his pardon, spare his whitening hairs,
And *your* heart shall gather gladness from *our* prayers.
(*Hands the* QUEEN *a paper, which she reads.*)

QUEEN—Ha! The proud old Earl. Child, his rampant
breath
Disseminates revolt. *Too well* he merits death.

ANNIE—Let my life, dear sovereign, be the ransom price,
Should this bring you harm,—will not this suffice?

QUEEN—Fond, but foolish girl, that would naught avail.
(*Aside.*) How it wrings my soul—that sweet face so pale.
Take this gold, and go. No, child, I *can not sign.*
Ask some other boon, and 'tis most surely thine.

[ANNIE *moves slowly away, then pauses before a painting of the* QUEEN'S *father, hanging upon the wall, and with hands clasped gazes sadly upon it.*]

QUEEN—Why that long fixed gaze upon the pictured face;
Most noble, is it not, in its kingly grace?

ANNIE—My poor simple mind can not comprehend
Why you doom to death *your* father's dearest friend.
'Tis for loving *yours*, that *my* father dies.
Must the noble king claim such sacrifice?

QUEEN—No, sweet pleader; see, we perforce relent.
(*Signs.*)
Child, your sire is *free!* *Ours* smiles glad assent.

[ANNIE *kneels, and kisses the* QUEEN'S *hand, as she receives from it the pardon.*

[*Curtain.*]

BEGINNING RIGHT.

CHARACTERS:—MR. MARSTON, Broker.
MR. CARRUTH, Ex-wine Merchant.

SCENE.—A broker's office, desk, chairs, etc. MARSTON at the desk.

MARSTON—Let me see, 6 and 4 are 10; 9 and 1 are 10; 7 and 3 are 10; 6 and 7 are 13 and 7 are 20; 2 and 1

are 3 and 2 are 5—um—um—um—um—um—a round fifty thousand. (*Leaning back.*) Didn't think the figures would foot up that large. Let me see—(*adding*)—um—um—um—um—yes, that's correct, those figures do *not* lie. Pretty fair for one year's clear profits. I wouldn't have believed it possible, when I came here, a poor boy, seeking a place, with no one to help me. Ah, that *was* a tough struggle with the rough world. A whole day without food—my money all gone, crowds of strange, busy faces, I wonder why it all comes back to me so plainly to-day? I can almost feel that horrid loneliness creeping over me; ugh—Poor little boy! And then when I was offered seventy-five dollars for the first six months' trial, by Carruth, I had forgotten him these years, how my heart came into my mouth for very joy. Then I found out that it was a liquor store, and I thought of my poor father that rum killed, (*pityingly,*) and of my dear mother, and I determined to do right whatever came. That was the severest temptation of my life—but having conquered that, all others have been easily conquered by His help. For all I could know, I was going out of his store to starve, and hope was nearly dead, when, like an angel from Heaven, as it seemed to me, a very angel of mercy, dear father Howard,—I little thought then he would be my father, was sent to the poor fatherless boy, and by his kindness I got the place where I've been—let me think—can it be possible? Yes, twenty years to-day! and now he has retired and left me alone in the business. It shall be my joy, my happiness, to minister to his happiness, and to make my own dear mother happy. How she suffered when I was a boy. Oh, my *own* father that *rum* killed. (*Head on his hands. After a little raises it.*) How thankful I am, that I escaped its power. Oh, it works fearful things! (*Shudders. A knock at the door.*) Come in.

Enter CARRUTH, *ragged, bent over, face debauched, hair matted.*

MARSTON—Well, my good man, what can I do for you?

CARRUTH—Did you not advertise for a porter?

MARSTON—Yes, but what of it?

CARRUTH—I would like the place, sir.

MARSTON—You?

CARRUTH—Yes, sir. (*Voice trembles.*) If you haven't got a man, oh, let me try, sir. I know you've a kind heart, sir, every one says so. I only ask for the place, to keep from starving. (*Turns away.*)

MARSTON—Why—really—poor fellow, you don't look strong enough for a porter. What is your name?

CARRUTH—Carruth, sir.

MARSTON—Carruth! (*Surprised.*) God pity you!

CARRUTH—You may well say that, sir; but I haven't *always* been *so.* (*Looking at his clothes.*) I once had a good business, sir, and had a family, sir, and was respected.

MARSTON—What was your business?

CARRUTH—I was a wine merchant on Seventh street.

MARSTON—(*Aside*)—Can it be possible? Yet it must be the same man! (*To* CARRUTH.) Do you remember a little boy by the name of Marston, that once applied to you for a place?

CARRUTH—Who?—Oh, yes!—The one who brought a recommendation from a Sunday-school Superintendent?

MARSTON—Yes.

CARRUTH—And I remember his "sermon," as I called it. I often think of it. I called him a "little fanatic." Oh, that I had been like him! I'll warrant that he's wealthy and respected now, if he is alive. But what do you know about him? That was *so* long ago—yes, twenty long years, that seem treble the number.

MARSTON—My poor Carruth, *I* am that "little fanatic."

CARRUTH—You? (*Starting.*)

MARSTON—Yes. And from my heart I pity you. I need hardly ask what brought you to this?

CARRUTH—'T was *rum.* I tasted my own samples too much.

MARSTON—Your sin *has* brought its own punishment even in this world. Now, I'm going to give you a situation, and a chance for something better than a porter. I wish an assistant book-keeper. I'll pay you fifty dollars per month for a six months' trial. What do you say?

CARRUTH—God bless you, sir; God bless you? Oh, I *will* try to be a *man* again. (*Straightens up, pushes hair back from forehead.*) I thought all such feelings were dead; but I *will* struggle to deserve your respect. God bless you, sir. (*Much affected.*)

MARSTON—Ask *Him* to help you, (*pointing up,*) ask Him,—*He* will hear you. And in me you shall find a friend ready to help you to reform. (*Shakes* CARRUTH'S *hand. To audience.*) Although this man has one more chance for reformation, yet remember the thousands that never reform; remember that "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

CARRUTH—And you, my young friends, look at the contrast before you, and, fearing God rather than man, begin *right,* and *always* dare to do right.

[*Music and song,* "*Dare to do Right.*"]

[*Curtain.*]

TWO WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

CHARACTERS:—ARABELLA.
CORNELIA.
LIZZIE.
JOSEPHINE.

SCENE I.—A parlor. CORNELIA sewing. ARABELLA calling. Latter very gaily dressed, with hat and furs on.

ARABELLA—Isn't it very sad, Cornelia, about those poor people who were burned out this week? It is such dreadful weather to be turned out of house and home. I suppose they valued their old rubbish, too, however forlorn it might seem to us.

CORNELIA—We should value a crust if it was all the food we had, and ever so ragged a shawl if it was our only wrap.

ARABELLA—I suppose we should, though it is hard to realize it. But now I have come to ask your help in a plan for their relief. I am determined to get up a fancy ball, and have all the proceeds go to the paupers. I know we shall realize a handsome sum by it, and have a nice time besides. I think it is such a delightful way of doing good. And then we get so many to contribute who don't care anything for the poor. But their money does just as much good for all that. What do you think of it?

CORNELIA—Such a party will cost a great deal, Bella. I should prefer to give them what money we could raise at once. While you are making up your costly ball-dresses, and getting up your grand supper, they are shivering and starving, I will give two dollars to start a subscription for them among us young folks, and I will do my best to collect second-hand clothing for them. What will you give, and I will set our names down at once.

(*Takes out sheet of note paper and pencil.*)

ARABELLA—Ahem, excuse me, Cornelia, I haven't my porte-monnaie with me. Indeed I can give nothing to the subscription just now, especially if this party comes off. It will cost a good deal to get it up; but if it does good, we'll not grudge it; I shall not, I am sure. You see, Nellie, you have your way of doing good, and I have mine. I dare say, my plan will amount to far the largest sum, if it doesn't look quite so self-denying. To be sure, I shall never get a speck of credit for all I do, while folks will think you awfully charitable. But then I never set myself up to be so much better than my neighbors, and always go poking around trying to do good in some out-of-the-way manner.

CORNELIA—(*Smiling*)—This is the most simple, straightforward way of doing good that I can think of. Getting money by the means of a fancy ball, seems to me a very round-about way, and that is the *least* objection I have to it.

ARABELLA—(*Pettishly*)—What other objection can you possibly have, I should like to know.

CORNELIA—The time it will require to prepare for it will be wasted time. The expense of the dresses a waste of money, and the dissipation and late hours always connected with such parties will be any thing but an advantage to all concerned.

ARABELLA—Oh, what a croaker! But here comes Lizzie and Josephine.

Enter LIZZIE *and* JOSEPHINE.

ARABELLA—They like my plan, for we have talked it all over this morning. Girls, have you decided yet the characters you will represent?

LIZZIE—I think I shall take the Empress Josephine. It was Joe's name, here, that suggested it to me. I have

a splendid old brocade that used to be my grandmother's wedding dress, and there are other things in the old chest that holds it, which will suit with it very nicely.

CORNELIA—While you are looking over old wardrobes, Lizzie, please lay out any old garments you can spare that will be useful to those poor people, and I will send or call for them. I am making up a parcel for them.

LIZZIE—I will with pleasure. I think it will be an excellent plan.

CORNELIA—I mean also to start a subscription for them, to be used according to the judgment of the committee in procuring food for the most needy. I do not know of any one among us who has such a liberal supply of pin-money as you, Lizzie, dear. Can't you do something to help feed them.

LIZZIE—(*Looking over her porte-monnaie*)—Here are five dollars I will give you for the purpose, for I suppose they will be suffering all this time while we are getting ready for the party.

CORNELIA—(*Warmly*)—Thank you a thousand times, dear Lizzie. Believe me, what you give in this manner, directly to the aid of those poor people, will amount to far more than what you can do by a fancy ball.

ARABELLA—(*Aside*)—Well, I never supposed Lizzie would contribute to such a purpose, as gay as she is, but Cornelia will spoil the party if she is allowed to go on at this rate. (*Aloud.*) Come, girls, don't listen to Cornelia's preaching. She doesn't care for parties, so she wishes to keep us from going. Now, Joey, what character are you going to take?

JOSEPHINE—I had meant to be Mrs. Partington, and our little Fred was to be Ike, but I have been listening with so much interest to Cornelia's plans, I am half inclined to aid her. I can't do both.

ARABELLA—Well, I plainly see that I must be busy, or this party will fall through. Please don't call on all the girls until I get a chance to see them, Nellie; it isn't fair. I wish I had your powers of persuasion.

CORNELIA—Be sure you have as good a cause, dear.

ARABELLA—Well, good-bye, all. Joey, get your market-basket out and canvass the town for old clothes and cold victuals. I am sure no one could refuse Judge Warren's daughter, especially with such an aid as the talented Miss Cornelia Allen.

JOSEPHINE—(*Smiling*)—Be sure you are in readiness; we design calling at your house first, and would like to make a handsome beginning to encourage us.

ARABELLA—You may pass me by. I will not encourage such mar-plots. You may do good in your way, and I will in mine.

CORNELIA—Very well, and after all is over, let us meet and compare notes.

ARABELLA—I will readily agree to that. I dare say, the fragments from our supper-table, which we will save for the poor, will amount to more than your whole collection.

JOSEPHINE—Time will show, so good-bye. (*Draws on her gloves.*) You are going my way, Lizzie, I believe.

(*Exit all.*

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—A parlor.

Enter CORNELIA *and* JOSEPHINE.

CORNELIA—Well, we are tired, Joey; but then it has been a satisfactory day's work, hasn't it?

JOSEPHINE—Indeed it has. I think the last of those poor people are comfortably provided for, temporarily at least. Now, when the men get to work, they will get on,

I hope; some of them, no doubt, better than they ever did before. Have you heard the results of the ball yet?

CORNELIA—(*Smiling*)—No; I have been so occupied with our own affairs, I have hardly had time to think of it. I never expected any aid from it, so I am not disappointed. Now I think of it, I belive Arabella avoids me of late.

JOSEPHINE—She is afraid you will ask her how much she made for the poor out of her charity ball, I presume.

CORNELIA—She need not fear my exulting over her. But I really wish to convince her that such enterprises are not the best ways of doing good.

Enter LIZZIE.

LIZZIE—I think she is convinced, as well as others. I chanced to hear your last remark, Nellie, and presume it refers to the fancy ball. If we had even had a nice time, ourselves, I should not feel so vexed. It wouldn't be worse than any other party we go to merely for pleasure. But to set out with such a flourish about charity, and have it all in the papers beforehand, and then to make such a failure, is a double disappointment and mortification.

JOSEPHINE—It was quite a noisy affair, was it not?

LIZZIE—I can't say about the close of it. Father came and took me home at twelve o'clock, and said such a rough scene was no place for me. He says now it is my last ball until the young men learn to drink less wine.

CORNELIA—How did the proceeds come out?

LIZZIE—Barely enough to cover expenses. Indeed I think the gentlemen made up a few dollars among themselves to finish paying off the band. There was much disorder at supper, I heard, and the persons engaged to attend to it, cleared off everything, not excepting some of

the hired spoons, forks, and dishes. So of course they had to be paid for. Arabella is so vexed and mortified, as it was she who first proposed the plan. By the way, she might be thankful. Her escort was dead drunk, and it has been the means of breaking off an engagement which would have caused her life-long wretchedness.

JOSEPHINE—It was a fortunate escape for her.

LIZZIE—Yes; that much good came of it, if nothing else.

CORNELIA—I am really glad she has re-considered the question of marrying Charley Banks. I did want to warn her, but knew it would give offence.

LIZZIE—Seeing is believing. She is well warned now, and I am well satisfied on the subject of charity balls. If the amount spent on the ball-dresses, the supper and m. sic, and all the other incidental expenses had been given to the poor people who lost by the fire, it would have, no doubt, fully made up their loss. As it is, the five dollars I gave you is the only contribution I feel any satisfaction in recalling. The next time I want to do good, I will do it directly, and not take such a round-about way.

CORNELIA—To strengthen a good resolution, please come up to my room and let us look over together Joey's and my little minute-book. I want you to see how much good your five dollars have done, and how many shivering forms have been comforted by the parcels of old clothing collected. Machinery is excellent in its place, but when you come to doing good for the poor, the less of it you use the better.

[*Curtain.*]

A GLAD SURPRISE.

CHARACTERS:—GRANNY MERRILL, a Washerwoman.
AMANDA, her Granddaughter.
JIM, JASON, } her Grandsons.
MRS. SANFORD, a kind Lady.
HARRY, NELLIE, } Son and Daughter of MRS. SANFORD.

SCENE.—A poorly furnished room in GRANNY MERRILL'S house. GRANNY discovered near an old table, (on which a tallow candle should be burning,) with a coat much worn in her hands, which she is mending.

GRANNY—(*Solus.*)—Alack-a-day! what a world of troubles and trials, and sorrers this is to be sure. There is nothin' in it for me, but cares and tribulations from one week's end to the other. I think sometimes that there is not a creetur on God's great footstool so loaded down with burdens, grievous, and hard to be borne, as I am. Nobody seems to try to make 'em any lighter for me nuther, or cheer me one bit on my way, with a kind look, or pleasant word. They 'pear to think that Granny Merrill, the old washerwoman, haint got no heart to ache, or no soul to save. I *sometimes* wonder too, whether or not the Master himself haint forgot the poor creetur who has tried to put her trust in Him so many years. Well, there's no use repinin'. These jackets has got to be mended afore I sleep, and cryin' 'u'd only make my old eyes less able to do their work. I wonder what keeps Mandy so long after the clothes of Miss Smith's? It's high time the child was here; guess she's comin' now.

Enter AMANDA, *with basket of clothes.*

AMANDA—Mrs. Smith says, that if you don't get the blueing evener in these duds than in the last, you can't wash for her any longer.

GRANNY—Bless me, child! I don't see how the dear creetur could find fault with them clothes. They was as clear as a fresh snow-drift. I never seen beautifuller washin' then that was, *never*.

AMANDA—I would n't *brag*, if I was you. I'm ashamed to *call* you grandmother to the girls at school, you are so fearfully odd. I wish you could act like Minnie Myrtle's grandma. She's a real lady, and I don't blame Minnie a bit for feeling proud of her.

GRANNY—Don't, Mandy; *don't!* I know I'm a poor creetur, but it's not a granddarter's place to speak of it.

AMANDA—Where's Jim and Jason?

GRANNY—The lads have stripped off their jackets fur me to mend, while they fill the b'iler gin to-morrer's washin'. Can't you snuff the candle, Mandy?

AMANDA—I wish you'd wait on yourself once and a while. (*Snuffs the candle, dropping the wick burning on the table.*)

GRANNY—You should larn to be savin', darter. That snuff scorched the cloth, and the next washin' will make a hole there. You should larn to be savin'.

AMANDA—You make a great splurge about that old cotton cloth, I should think.

GRANNY—I wish you had kinder feelin's, Mandy. To-night I've been thinkin' of *my* grandmother, and a wonderin' if I ever made *her* heart ache, as you do *mine;* and I've been a prayin'—

AMANDA—There it is again! I tell you, granny, I *wont* listen to your tiresome old preaching. *There now!* and I'm going to bed. If you are a mind to sit up all night to mend these old rags, (you might as well patch the feathers on a hen,) you may. *I* can't help it. [*Exit* AMANDA.

GRANNY—May the Heavenly Master soften the poor girl's heart.

Enter JIM *and* JASON.

GRANNY—Got the b'iler filled, boys?

JIM—"*B'iler!*" granny, why *don't* you talk like other folks?

GRANNY—Jimmy, grandmother haint got no edication. When I was little, like you, it cost a lot to pay fur schoolin', where I lived; and then, too, I had to work nigh all the time at summit or other. I never went to school but five days in my life, Jimmy.

JIM—Well, old woman, I wouldn't tell of it.

GRANNY—But, sonny, I mean to give you, and Jason, and Mandy, a chance to larn, if I work my fingers to the bone to keep your clothes clean and whole; though it do make you 'shamed of your granny. If your father and mother had a lived, they couldn't a done more fur your comfort than I have. I hope and pray—

JASON—There it comes—that *everlasting* preaching. I wont hear it.

JIM—I'm of your mind exactly. Hope you'll have an appreciative audience, granny. Good-night (*with mock courtesy*). [*Exit* BOYS.

GRANNY—I hope the Lord'll forgive 'em, as I do. (*Sews in silence for several minutes. Leans her head back, closes her eyes, nods. Rouses up and begins to sew.*) Bless me! how sleepy I be. (*Nods again, wakes and sews.*) This'll never do! I *must* keep my eyes open till these jackets are patched, or the lads will have to stay out of school to-morrer. Wish I had a cheerin' cup of tea to keep me awake. It'll be long afore I git that wish, I reckon. It's a wonder to me, where the money's comin' from to buy the boys a new jacket. I *can't* make these last more'n a month longer anyway. Well, the Lord will provide. (*Sews in silence, closes her eyes, nods. Starts up.*)

I declare I *can't* keep awake—how-sleepy-I-be. (*Leans back and closes her eyes.*)

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—A neatly furnished apartment in MRS. SANFORD'S house. NELLIE discovered conning her lesson at the table.

Enter HARRY.

HARRY—Oh, Nellie; you can't think how comical old Granny Merrill, the washerwoman, looked as I passed her shanty just now. Ha, ha!

NELLIE—(*Looking up from her book*)—What was the matter, pray? I hope nothing has befallen good old Granny Merrill.

HARRY—No, I think not; but she made such a funny tableau. Ha, ha! She was sitting by her old rickety table, a tallow candle with a long untrimmed wick flickered and cast strange weird shadows around her work—an old coat, which she had evidently been mending, was lying carelessly in her lap, her head was resting against the back of the chair in which she was sitting, her mouth wide open, the lower jaw falling down against her sinewy neck. I can't describe the ludicrous appearance of the woman. For the moment an impulse seized me to shy one of these mibs into the yawning cavern—her mouth. But I am happy to tell you, Nell, that pity for the poor creature got the better of the wicked wish, when I noticed how careworn and sad she looked.

NELLIE—Why, Harry! How could such a wicked thought ever have entered your brain? I'm glad you didn't do it, though. I've been thinking while you were talking, that I should so like to surprise poor old granny with something really nice on the table for her comfort when she wakes.

HARRY—Capital, Nell! Glad you thought of it. But I can't think of any plan that seems at all possible or practicable.

NELLIE—Neither can I. Let's ask mother. She knows every thing.

HARRY—So we will. I wonder if she is in the nursery. She can tell us what to do.

NELLIE—That's her step in the hall now.

Enter MRS. SANFORD.

NELLIE—Mother, will you help us plan a pleasant surprise for poor old Granny Merrill, to be executed quickly before she wakes? Harry saw her through the window as he came along, asleep in her chair, looking worn out and *so sad;* with a half-mended coat in her lap. Could n't we extract the jacket, and put something in its place that would surprise and please her? It would be so nice to make her happy.

MRS. SANFORD—A bright idea, Nellie. I think I can assist, and will be glad to do so. Freddie and Willie have each a nice little coat that I purchased for them before they put on their extra flannel under-garments. The coats were a close fit when bought. The boys have not been able to wear them with their flannels, and as the little fellows are growing rapidly, I doubt if the coats can be worn now with the flannel off. You may have them, they will just fit Mrs. Merrill's grandsons. While you are getting ready, I will add something more to make your little ruse—if you succeed with it—yet more pleasant. We must make haste, however, or the old lady may awake, and so spoil our little plot.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.—GRANNY MERRILL'S apartment.

Enter HARRY *and* NELLIE *cautiously with a basket. They remove the old coats, putting the new ones in* GRANNY'S *lap. They then proceed to lay the table with victuals of every description. A small tea urn is placed in close proximity to* GRANNY'S *chair; a thick warm shawl and hood are laid on a chair near by; a pair of soft comfortable shoes are carefully placed on the old box upon which* GRANNY'S *feet are resting. As they retire from the room,* HARRY *hits his toe against the door jam.* [*Exit quickly.*

GRANNY—(*Rubbing her eyes*)—Land sakes! How sound I've been sleepin'. Well, I must roust myself and finish the jackets, and git off to bed where I oughter hev been long ago. (*Picks up the coat in her lap.*) What on 'arth can this mean? Did I ever! My old eyes must deceive me. (*Takes the shears from her lap to snuff the candle—which should have a long wick; sees the things on the table, drops the snuff and burns her fingers in picking it up.*) Well I never! If this don't beat all, I declare! Who would ha' believed it? I was a dreamin' the Master had sent me a rich portion of the good things from His table, and I wakes to find 'em here, sure enough. (*Smells of the tea.*) This tea has the same blessed nourishin' flavor of that from His table, these biscuits and all, jest as I dreamt He sent. *No!* The Master haint forgot the poor old creetur that trusted in Him. When my faith was well nigh a failin' of me, He sent some kind angel of mercy to my relief. (*She clasps her hands and bows her head reverently.*) "Blessed be His Holy Name."

TABLEAU.

[*Curtain.*]

BETTER THAN A DOCTOR.

CHARACTERS:—AUNT KETURAH, hysterical Relative.
ANNA, } her Nieces.
MARY, }
PETE, her Nephew.
DR. MORPHIA.
MR. LONG, a Widower.

SCENE.—Everything in disorder. GIRLS in the parlor arranging things. AUNT KETURAH in adjoining room, lying on a bed.

Enter PETE.

PETE—Such doleful faces! What's the matter, girls? Tell a fellow, so that he can sympathize with you.

ANNA—Matter enough! Here's a host of visitors expected, and the cook's gone off, and the house looks as if a whirlwind had blown through it, and, to cap the climax, Aunt Keturah has found it convenient to have one of her spells.

PETE—Ph-e-e-w! If that's all I can soon have *her* cured up.

ANNA—How? It will take something miraculous to do *that.*

PETE—Just leave it to me. I know of something better than a doctor.

MARY—Now, Anna, don't scold; you are not the only one who has to suffer for her whims; besides, she may be really ill, no one is entirely exempt from sickness. If you or I were in her place this morning, *she* would be untiring in her efforts to get something to set us "afoot" again. Think of that.

ANNA—I know it is not the way she would treat us, but it does worry me so, when she gives one of her heart-rending groans, and begins to enumerate her ailments. If she would only cease complaining and put off that dolorous face, I would willingly do anything for her.

MARY—You forget that she is growing old, and can not be expected to bear things as patiently as you or I. (AUNT KETURAH *calls* "GIRLS.") But there; she is calling, and as I sent off for the doctor sometime ago, we had better go in and tidy up her room.

ANNA—You may expect a scolding for your pains; and she will be sure to tell the doctor that she had hard work to get any one to go for him.

AUNT KETURAH—(GIRLS *enter her room*)—I do hate to bother you, girls, but (*groaning*) I'm sufferin' so. If you could on'y do something—git a mustard poultice, and see if it will stop this flutterin' about my heart.

ANNA—Why, auntie, if your heart were to cease fluttering you would soon die.

AUNT KETURAH—It's all very well for you to stand there pokin' fun at your poor old, dyin' aunt, but you never had any feelin's. Oh, my, my! I have such chills and flashes of fever that I'm 'feard I am agoin' to be bad with typhorg fever. I never slept a wink the whole night.

ANNA—(*Aside*)—And she snored loud enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

AUNT KETURAH—I wish I could on'y have the doctor; but no one ever thinks there's any thing wrong with me.

MARY—I *have* sent for him, auntie, and he will soon be here. Could you not sit up in the bed while I bathe your face, and brush your hair, and put on this clean cap?

AUNT KETURAH—Sent for the doctor! Mercy on us? What doctor?

MARY—Dr. Morphia.

AUNT KETURAH—That quack! It will be throwin' away money; besides, I haint time to lie abed takin' medicine. Oh, my! Oh, my! Do git some liniment for my

shoulder, or this inflam*mat*'ry rheumatiz will kill me Oh, ho! It was very kind of you to send off for the doc tor, but you must not mind me speakin' sharp.

MARY—Oh, no, auntie, and if you don't want Docto Morphia we can send him word not to come.

AUNT KETURAH—Doctor who? Doctor Morphia, di you say? There's sich a buzzin' in my ears I can't hea right. He's the young fellow! I think I like him ver well. I'll *try* to sit up a bit, but I feel so faintish. tried to git up this mornin' three times, to git breakfas but I got blind and had to lay down. I had sich horri dreams last night, I know somethin' will happen.

(*Rising with an effort.*

ANNA—Did you dream with your eyes open? Yo said a little while ago that you were not asleep last nigh

AUNT KETURAH—You are an impudent hussy! guess now that I am stedied up I'll git on the kittle an some water to wash them clothes.

ANNA—Forgive me, auntie, I did not mean to be dis respectful. But you are not going to wash; we will d whatever you want. Here comes the doctor.

AUNT KETURAH—Oh, my, my! Some of you help m to bed. I feel as if I should drop. Where's my cap You might ha' done something with your dilly-dallyi roun'.

Enter DOCTOR.

AUNT KETURAH—Well, doctor, you haven't com a minute too soon. I've got the dipthery awful; and can't speak. I couldn't hardly git them to go for you.

DR. MORPHIA—Well, Miss Keturah, we will see wha we can do for you. As you have some knowledge o diseases, what do you think ails you?

AUNT KETURAH—Indeed I don't know as I can hardl

tell, but I'm feard it is spinal affectation. I don't seem to have any use of my limbs, and sometimes I'm oneasy, fear it goes to my brain, I have sich pains up the back of my neck.

DR. MORPHIA—Your face looks a little flushed; let me have your wrist—pulse a little fast. Now just let me examine your tongue. There, that will do. I fear you have taken too much medicine.

AUNT KETURAH—Medicine? There haint a thimbleful of any thing passed my lips for two year. (GIRLS *exchange glances, and hold up their hands.*) It is my lungs, doctor, the pneumony; I knowed it several days ago. I haven't drawed a breath through my left lung for more'n a week, but I did not complain; it aint my natur'.

DR. MORPHIA—Don't you think you might be mistaken? Your breathing does not indicate lung disease; indeed I can not discover symptoms of any of the diseases you have mentioned. I will leave you this medicine, (*putting down a phial and package of powders,*) and by the time you have taken it I think you will be restored to your usual health. I shall not call again unless you get worse, and you—

AUNT KETURAH—O dear doctor, you must come back to-morrow, you 've no idee how bad I am, and these girls is so kearless they may let me die. You'll come, doctor?

DR. MORPHIA—If you are anxious for it, I certainly shall; but I do not see the necessity. But I must go. Good morning, ladies. [*Exit.*

AUNT KETURAH—Heartless wretch! If I was some *young* chit of a girl he'd be all attention. Give me some of that medicine right off, and put two of them powders together, I want to get over with it soon. There! the careless brute did not leave any directions, and I can't

take any of it. Well, well, I may die before he comes back to-morrow. Leave me. [*Exit* GIRLS.

[AUNT KETURAH *lies very still, until footsteps are heard approaching, when she begins to groan.*

Enter PETE.

PETE—How do you feel, aunt?

AUNT KETURAH—(*Groaning*)—Bad, very bad.

PETE—I met an old friend of yours to-day, and he told me he would call to see you.

AUNT KETURAH—Of course you told him I was sick.

PETE—Of course I did not, I thought you would be delighted to have him. He says he is an old lover, and that he has something of importance to say to you. There is a band of crape around his hat four inches deep.

AUNT KETURAH—(*Rising to her elbow*)—Who is it?

PETE—Adam Long.

AUNT KETURAH—I wonder if he is a widower. His wife was always purtendin' to be sick. People said at the time he'd better took me.

PETE—Well, you will get up when he comes?

AUNT KETURAH—(*Sinking back*)—Git up! Unfeelin' monster! To ask me to git up and me in a manner dyin'. Leave the room this instant. [*Exit* PETE.

MR. LONG, MARY *and* PETE *enter parlor, and* ANNA *enters* AUNT KETURAH'S *bedroom.*

ANNA—Auntie, a gentleman wishes to see you.

AUNT KETURAH—(*Groaning*)—Do let me die in peace.

ANNA—But, auntie, his wife is dead, and he seems in distress, and I don't know any one better able to console him than yourself.

AUNT KETURAH—That's true. I'll try to sit up a

bit. (*Rising with difficulty.*) His wife is dead, you say? I'm amazed at feelin' so well. I guess this dress will do; I put it on to take the doctor's eye, but this is a *grander* catch. Here, put this medicine away, I don't think I need it; and send Pete to tell the doctor he need n't come again. Do be spry and put on my collar, and that red bow, and fix my hair up becomin', he'll git out o' patience waitin' and mebbe go away. Now come. (*Entering parlor.*) Can I believe my eyes? Mary, why did you not tell me Mr. Long was here?

MR. LONG—How d'ye do, Miss Keturah? Have this seat? (PETE *and the* GIRLS *retire to the next room.*) You look pale; I hope you are not sick?

AUNT KETURAH—I am quite well, thank you. Never enjoyed better health than at present.

MR. LONG—Times have changed since you and I were young. My beloved partner has passed away, and I feel that I can no longer endure this solitary life.

AUNT KETURAH—(*Aside*)—He's not long makin' known his arrant. (*To* MR. LONG.) You took me ruther on a suddint, Mr. Long, but I s'pose you could not find any one abler to take charge of your family than me. Few women of my age—though I aint as old as I might be—stand the times better than I do.

PETE—Now, what do you say, girls? Better than a doctor, is n't he?

[*Curtain.*]

NOTE.—The stage in this dialogue, should be partitioned by a curain or screen, so as to represent the interior of *two* rooms as seen from the front. One should be furnished as a parlor or sitting-room, and the other as a bed-room.

SINGING TEMPERANCE SONGS.

CHARACTERS:—Sarah, Jennie, Anna, Mary, } School-girls.
Alfred Jewsharp, Waggish Boy.
Jimmy Singfiddle, an Elderly Irishman.

Enter Sarah *and* Anna, *taking off their things.*

Sarah—Well, Anna, what are we going to do? You know our Temperance Society wants we should sing some *temperance songs* at our next meeting, and I have been hunting every where almost, to find some, but have had very poor success so far.

Anna—Just so with myself. It seems as if there are no temperance people now-a-days who can write such songs—at least the scarcity of the songs indicate it.

Sarah—I wonder what all the temperance people have been doing all the long years of the past, and of temperance reform, with so little music? True, I found words set to tunes of the old-fashion "Old Dan Tucker" style, and such kind of Jim Crow songs, and they are only a nuisance. But, Anna, where is Jennie? I thought she was to be here this afternoon.

Anna—So she was, and I wonder she is not here already. But, hark! I think I hear her; that is her voice, she is always singing.

Enter Jennie *in a great hurry, shaking hands, etc.*

Sarah—Now, Jennie, we are really glad to see you, and particularly about those temperance songs, for you know we must have them selected this afternoon.

Jennie—Indeed, it is a hard task unless your search has been more successful than mine has.

SARAH and ANNA—More successful?

ANNA—I should think song writers were all strangers to the temperance cause, from the way they avoid it. Perhaps they like a *little* themselves, sometimes.

JENNIE—Haven't one of you found something to begin with?

SARAH—(*Slowly*)—I couldn't think of anything better than this. (*Sings:*)

"Out on an ocean all boundless we ride—"

but I know that isn't much temperance.

(ANNA *and* JENNIE *laugh.*)

JENNIE—That's true! But then there's some *water* in an ocean, and water is better than whisky any time.

ANNA—I thought of one as good as that. This is a part of it. (*Sings:*)

"My canoe is under water,
And my banjo is unstrung;"

and I guess it would do the old topers good to get them *under* water to soak awhile.

JENNIE—I hope you don't think everything that mentions water is a temperance song? But, girls, I saw that little Alfred Jewsharp, who is always singing songs, you know; and I invited him to call around. I presume he will soon be here. Perhaps he can help us.

SARAH—But this is not selecting temperance songs.

JENNIE—I know it, Sarah; but come to the window, both of you, and see how you like this piece. It is one that chanced to fall in my way. (*All look.*)

ANNA—Why, Jennie, there are no words to it; it is all music.

JENNIE—I know it; but we want music when we find the words, don't we?

SARAH—But where will we find the words?

JENNIE—Don't be troubled about that. Let us sing it.

[*They hum away making various discordant noises, till* ALFRED, *having come in unobserved, gets just behind them, gives a sharp whistle, when they all jump, drop the paper, and clap their hands to their ears.*]

ANNA—If here isn't that little Jewsharp, full as ever of mischief.

ALFRED—Why didn't you sing it?

SARAH—Such an unearthly screech as that, is enough to scare the wits out of any one.

ALFRED—I only wanted to give you the right pitch; that's all.

JENNIE—Well, that was too much of a pitch. But you had better take off your hat when you come into the house.

(*At the same time seizing it, she tosses it into a corner.*)

ALFRED—You'd better study manners yourself, before pulling off my hat in such an unceremonious manner.

ANNA—I don't think that's very polite in you, Jennie. You ought to be ashamed and apologize for it.

JENNIE—(*Picking up the hat*)—Oh, well, Alfred, you will pardon me this time, I know. But don't you know some good temperance songs—something that will do to sing at the Society?

ALFRED—Yes; I know some most excellent ones—at least, I like them.

ALL TOGETHER—Do sing one.

ALFRED—I don't believe *you* will like them any better than you did the pitch I gave you awhile ago.

SARAH—Why, you are not going to scream like that, I hope, and call it singing, are you, Alfred?

ALFRED—No; I don't mean that; but you wont like the words. Listen and I'll try *one*. (*Sings:*)

"I wish I was an apple,
And snow-flake were another;
Oh, wnat a pretty pair we'd make,
Upon the tree together."

ANNA—That isn't a temperance song!

ALFRED—What's the reason? It speaks of apples, and cider is made from apples, and cider-brandy—

JENNIE—So that is an *intemperance* song. Give us another.

ALFRED—(*Laughing, sings:*)—

"When I was young I used to wait
On massa's table and hand him de plate,
Pass down de bottle—"

SARAH—Oh, dear, now. (*To* ALFRED.) That isn't a temperance song! Why don't you sing something good?

ALFRED—Well, get some one else to sing then. I told you, you would n't like them.

SARAH—There is no one else to get.

ALFRED—Why not? There is old Jimmy Singfiddle snoring away in a corner there. He can sing from daylight till dark, and from dark till daylight, and never tire, or fail for want of songs.

SARAH—Oh, yes, so there he is, sure enough! (*Softening her tone.*) But I wonder we have not awakened him before this with all our noise and loud talk. Alfred, you go and awake him, wont you?

ALFRED—I daren't, for he'll lick me within an inch of my life if I do.

JENNIE—No, he wont! You need n't be such a coward! I'll wake him—I'm not afraid.

[*She goes up cautiously and strikes him a smart blow on his shoulder, which starts him suddenly to his feet, rubbing first his eyes and then his shoulder.*]

JIMMY—What on earth ye wants to knock the breath

out of a mon for to wake him from a gentle snooze? Can't ye act dacent? or would ye like to brake a poor mon's back?

JENNIE—Mr. Singfiddle—

JIMMY—My name isn't Mr. Singfiddle, it's *Jimmy*, plase yer ladyship.

JENNIE—Well, *Jimmy*, then; I didn't mean to hurt you with such a little friendly pat as—

JIMMY—Pat! A very little pat that was, miss; about equal to one from a grizzly, as I feel it!

(*Rubbing his shoulder.*)

SARAH—Come now, Jimmy, away with such nonsense; we want you to sing us a temperance song.

ANNA—Yes, a real good one.

JIMMY—A rale good one then. A timperance song. (*Waiting a moment.*) Wont something else do?

JENNIE—No, sir. Sing a *good* one.

[*He sits down, and after fumbling around for awhite, sings, keeping time with his foot to the tune "Rory O' More."*]

JIMMY—"Me friends, will ye hand me the bowl jist a minute,
I want a few drops of the creature that's in it;
'T will do me auld soul a big heap of good,
And I can't let it alone, and I wouldn't if I could."

[*Repeating the last line without singing, while* SARAH *tries to stop him.*]

SARAH—Now, Jimmy, *Jimmy, Jimmy*, that is real *intemperance.*

JIMMY—Intimperance! I say it is pure timperance. 'Pon me soul, when a mon can't have the bowl but a minit, and thin mustn't taste but a drap, I should think that was timperance. If he had it the whole day, and drank by the quart, that would be *intimperance.* Can't ye see a bit of reason?

ANNA—O Jimmy, you are so full of your logic, that a minister could n't talk with you. But this is—(*Door-bell rings.*)

JIMMY—Cam in! (*In a stentorian voice that makes the whole house ring.*)

SARAH—Why, Jimmy, what a noise! If it is Miss Mary, what will she think? Anna, wont you invite her into the parlor to take off her things?

JIMMY—(*Sings:*)—"Me friends, will you hand me the bowl?" etc.

SARAH—Jennie, let us hurry and pick up the things scattered around here, for I know it is Miss Mary.

Enter ANNA *and* MISS MARY. JIMMY *turning his head comically over his shoulder towards the door, exclaims:*

JIMMY—H'are ye? (*But seeing it is* MARY:) And is it yerself, Miss Mary? An' sure ye'll think no harm of such a creathur as meself?

MARY—Why, Mr. Singfiddle—

JIMMY—Take care yer spache, ma'am.

ANNA—He says his name is Jimmy.

MARY—Well, Jimmy, you mean no harm, I hope?

JIMMY—No, but such an awful scrachin' might have skeern ye.

ALFRED—(*From a corner*)—Miss Mary, that wonderful strain you heard as you rang the bell, was a part of the interlude in Jimmy's temperance song.

MARY—If here isn't Alfred, and Sarah, and Jennie. (*Shaking hands.*) You are singing temperance songs, are you?

JIMMY—(*Breaks in*)—"Me friends," etc.

SARAH—Miss Mary, Jimmy says that is a temperance song.

MARY—Jimmy, that is n't a temperance song.

JIMMY—Jist the timperance for me. (*Sings:*) "Me friends," etc.

MARY—Jimmy, you must join our temperance society, and then you will know better what temperance is. Perhaps you will sign the pledge now—I have one in my pocket. (*Pulling out a paper.*)

JIMMY—Me sign the timperance pledge! Ho! ho! (*Rubbing his hands.*) Niver in all me life. But I would pledge the houl timperance cause, people and all—except yerself—for a pint of dhrink. There now, that's my pledge!

MARY—Why, Jimmy! I'm afraid you will be a real old drunkard. But, girls, have n't you some better songs? As I was coming around the corner, down street, I heard the band playing. Perhaps they are coming this way. Jennie, will you look out of the window and see if they are coming? (JENNIE *goes to the window.*) It may suggest something, or, at least, inspire us with a musical spirit.

JENNIE—Hark a moment! I think I hear them—yes, indeed, they are coming! What are they playing?

[*Instruments play very softly, and the girls run to the window.*]

SARAH—Oh, it is only that worn out "Tramp, tramp!"

ANNA—(*Clapping her hands*)—Oh, if we only had those words that were published in the paper a few days ago, we should have one piece!

MARY—I have several copies of the paper with me, as I thought that would answer; and I am glad I have brought them.

JIMMY—Miss, and is it, (*Sings:*) "*Me* friends, will ye hand me the bowl?"

MARY—No, Jimmy, it is more of a temperance song

than that. It is THE TEMPERANCE ARMY. Come and help us sing it.

[*Gives him a paper. The music grows louder and louder, and finally all join in singing the song:*]

Lo! the Temperance Army moves
To the rescue bold and strong,
Where the drunken hosts in noisy passions rave,
Seeking lost, deluded men,
Filling homes with song again,
And with loved ones rescued from a drunkard's grave.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, I hear them marching,
Cheer up drunkards, on they come;
Sign the pledge without delay;
Join the army while you may,
Happy then will be your own beloved home!

Oh, ye poor inebriates,
Still that army for you waits.
Sign the pledge and happy be forever more!
Oh, dispel those haunting fears!
Wipe away those household tears!
Wives and children then will all their love restore.
Tramp, tramp, etc.

[*Curtain.*]

NOT WORTH KNOWING.

CHARACTERS:—DICK, EDGAR, } two Lads.

DICK—(*With a lofty air*)—Have a cigar, Edgar? Prime Havanas! Keene has just opened a new lot. Far superior to the old. Last weren't fit for a pig.

EDGAR—You are right, there; and I dare say a pig would turn up his nose at these, too. I should really hate to be less fastidious than he. It seems to me, you are

getting learned on the subject of Havanas. And I heard you discoursing learnedly on liquors, yesterday. Where did you pick up so much valuable information?

DICK—Oh, now, you need n't think your bosh-learning is every thing. If a fellow don't know what's what about cigars and liquors now-a-days, he's not of much account.

EDGAR—Not around livery-stables and tavern bar-rooms, it is true. For my part, I don't care to shine in such illustrious circles. I am not so ambitious as some. I prefer to be respected among decent folks.

DICK—(*Warmly*)—There are just as good folks about livery-stables as any where else. Some of the smartest fellows in town play billiards every night in Keene's Saloon. I've been there many a time.

EDGAR—I don't deny but they are smart enough. The more pity that they should not turn their smartness to better account. For some reason, business men don't seem to appreciate their talents. They never look around such places for help, when they want it. The fact of a boy's even hanging around such spots, is enough to settle his case. Now, you wondered, Dick, why Mr. Mason did not take you into his store last week. As a friend, I'll tell you just the plain truth. His son reported that you were often seen in such places, and he said no boy should ever be trusted with his money who had such habits.

DICK—That tattling old Fred Mason! I'd like to do for him.

EDGAR—There, there, Dick, don't put yourself in a passion for nothing. The very slang terms you use, show where you have been. They cling to you like tobacco smoke. Come, now, and take good advice. Right-about face, and quit all bad company and bad habits, or you'll go to ruin, sure as fate. Look at that reeling sot,

with the boys hooting after him. Do you want to come to that? Then come away with me, and take the pledge. Throw your cigar into the gutter, where it belongs, and shake off all these fetters; and then you may stand a chance to make something of yourself. I see you are more than half convinced. Strike while the iron is hot. If you wait for a good resolution to cool, it is like trying to work up chilled iron. Come, Dick, we'll talk it over as we walk along.

[*Curtain.*]

DOUBLE-FACED.

CHARACTERS:—MR. PENROSE.
MRS. PENROSE.
ALICE, their Daughter.
HETTIE PARKER, Alice's Friend.
MR. CHAPLIN, their Pastor.

SCENE:—Sitting room with table, on which stands lighted lamp, near which sit MR. PENROSE, reading the paper, and his wife, sewing.

Enter ALICE, *smoothing her hair—Draws a chair to the table.*

ALICE—Now, mother, my kitchen work is done, and I will try to finish my new book before bed-time. I do hope no one will call this evening.

[*Takes up a book, and begins to read. Soon a knock at the door is heard.*]

MRS. PENROSE—Go to the door, my child; I am afraid you will not have your wish.

ALICE—(*Rising slowly*)—It is too bad! (*Opens the door, and meets* HETTIE PARKER.) Why, my dear Hettie! Are you alone? I am so glad you have come. (*Handing her a chair.*) I was just telling mother I wished some one would drop in for an evening chat. Having been at

work all day, I want some company for pleasant pastime. What were you doing to-day?

HETTIE—In the forenoon I helped at washing, and this afternoon I wrote out all I could recall of Mr. Chaplin's Sunday morning sermon.

ALICE—Wrote out his sermon! Why, what for?

HETTIE—Mother says it is a very good plan in several ways: It makes me more attentive to his preaching; it helps me to understand the sermon, and it will make a very interesting and useful little book for my private use. Mother says she did it, when young, and was very much benefited. I was at it almost all the afternoon. Mother thought the last sermon so good, that I have spent more time on it than usual.

MRS. PENROSE—(*In tone of surprise*)—Your mother thought that a good sermon? Dear me, I was so tired of it. Mr. Chaplin says so many such plain things, and gives such pointed rebukes, that I sometimes feel like going out. Especially was this the case last Sunday, in the sermon on "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." One might have thought that there is nothing in the church, now-a-days, but flattery and deception. He had such a wearisome string about lying and tattling, as if we had never before heard the Ninth Commandment explained. Of course he had some very suitable things, too; for example, he gave old Squire West a broad hit on backbiting and slander, and I noticed Jane Kenly turn red when he came down so hard on young people pretending to be what they are not, paying compliments they do not mean, and so on. Still, I was very tired of it. And your mother thinks it was good!

[*A knock at the door.* ALICE *opens it, and in walks* MR. CHAPLIN.]

MR. CHAPLIN—Good evening. Why, Hettie! is that you?

MR. PENROSE—(*Laying aside his paper, and meeting* MR. CHAPLIN)—Good evening, Parson. Let me have your hat and cane. The ladies have just been talking about you. (*Both sit down.*)

MR. CHAPLIN—(*Smiling*)—Nothing bad, I hope?

MRS. PENROSE—Oh my, no! Mr. Chaplin. I would think it a great shame, as well as a sin, to speak evil of the absent. You told us of this on Sunday, in your interesting and edifying sermon on the Ninth Commandment. You shot some sharp arrows at backbiting and slander; but no wonder, for they are ugly sins.

MR. CHAPLIN—I have only a little time to stay, so I will at once tell my errand, namely, to see why Alice does not attend Sunday-school and Bible class more regularly. We miss her, both in singing and in the lesson.

MRS. PENROSE—Well, really, Mr. Chaplin, she should be more regular; but she is often troubled with headache, and sometimes we spend our Sunday afternoons in reading the Scripture, verse about. But we will try to have her attend more regularly, hereafter. I feel thankful for your kind interest in her, and I hope she will profit by it.

MR. CHAPLIN—(*Rising to go, and taking his hat and cane*)—Well, Alice, next Thursday evening we meet at Mr. Budd's. I will be glad to see you there.

ALICE—I will be there if possible, sir.

MR. CHAPLIN—Mr. Penrose, call and see me whenever you can. (*Bows and leaves, saying:*) Good evening to you all.

ALL—Good evening.

MRS. PENROSE—(*Angrily*)—It is really too bad! Mr. Chaplin is as busy as a Paul Pry, searching out people's private matters. Why need he know the reason of Alice's absence?

ALICE—I shall not go one step to Mr. Budd's to Bible class. Those Budd girls are too hatefully prim and sedate. Besides, I do not like to meet Maggie Chaplin.

HETTIE—I always liked those girls. They are quiet, but honest. Of course they have faults, but who has not? (*Kitchen clock strikes nine.*) Oh, dear, is it so late? I must really go home.

ALICE—O Hettie, don't go yet! I always enjoy your visits, and we have not had much chat this evening, I'm sure.

HETTIE—I promised to be home early, and nine is not very early at this season.

ALICE—Well, I'm glad you called, at all events. I will not insist on you staying later, but do call soon again, Hettie.

MRS. PENROSE—Alice is very fond of company, and I also will be glad to see you here, as often as you can come.

HETTIE—Thank you, ma'am.

[*Throws a scarf over her head.* MRS. PENROSE *and* ALICE *see her to the door, then again seat themselves at the table.*]

MRS. PENROSE—Oh, dear, but I have been annoyed this evening. Tired, after a hard day's work, I did not want company; and when it did come, what miserable stuff it was. Mr. Chaplin is so trying, and Hettie Parker is but little better. Indeed, Alice, I do not think she is at all suitable company for you. Try to get rid of her as soon as you can.

ALICE—It is presumption in her to call on me. She tries my nerves dreadfully; indeed, I am half sorry I made such an ado over her, it will only bring her back the sooner. (*Turning to her father.*) I do believe father is dozing over his newspaper, he keeps so quiet. Have you nothing to say, father?

MR. PENROSE—*(Laying down his paper, and looking gravely at her)*—Yes, my daughter, I have something to say; perhaps very much. I was sorry to see and hear what I this evening saw and heard.

ALICE—*(In surprise)*—Why, what, dear father?

[MRS. PENROSE *lays down her sewing and looks at* MR. PENROSE.]

MR. PENROSE—I am sorry to say that both you and your mother have need of another plain sermon on the Ninth Commandment, which, you know, forbids all slander and backbiting, all treachery and deception, all flattery and lying, all dishonesty and—

MRS. PENROSE—*(Excited, and speaking very fast)*—Why, what in the world do you mean, Mr. Penrose?

MR. PENROSE—Keep cool, my dear. I mean just what I say, and I wish plainly to say what is on my mind. Both of you have grossly violated the Ninth Commandment, this very evening, and not for the first time, either.

MRS. PENROSE—*(Feelingly)*—You speak so unkindly. How did we bear false witness against our neighbor?

MR. PENROSE—*(Very calmly)*—I will tell you. First of all, Alice made a great ado of gladness over Hettie's calling, and only a few minutes ago said she was not welcome. She told Hettie she had just been wishing for company; whereas, she had said the very opposite to you; and so she lied by both word and act. When, before Mr. Chaplin came, you spoke very harshly about his sermon, but in his presence praised it very highly; was this honest and truthful? You also pretended to be very thankful for his kind interest in Alice, but afterward you spoke very unkindly of it; was not this deception? Alice promised to attend Bible class, but as soon as he had gone declared she would not go; was not this lying? Both you and Alice made great ado over Hettie's visit,

and the pleasure her company gave you, but when she had gone you both railed out bitterly against her and declared yourselves annoyed by her presence; was not this flattery, backbiting, lying and deception all in one? That is what I call DOUBLE-FACED.

[*Curtain.*]

THE BIRTH-DAY BOX.

CHARACTERS:—FREDERICK WATSON, on his fifteenth Birthday. LUCY WATSON, his Sister.

SCENE.—The parlor of FREDERICK and LUCY'S Uncle, with whom they are living.

FREDERICK—(*Discovers a box conspicuously placed on the center-table.*) Hallo! I really believe this is for me! It is just like my good uncle. He never does any thing like other people. He delights in agreeable surprises. On my last birth-day he so arranged it that I should meet for the first time in two years my sister Lu, dear darling sister Lu. He knew nothing in the world pleased me so much. Then those shells that so fascinated me at Captain Wentworth's last summer, a few days after. I found them all neatly arranged in a little case in my room, with this request written on a slip of paper and attached to one of the shells: "Give me the names of the original inhabitants of these handsome houses." And did n't I have to work for them? But this box, how do I know it is for me? And yet the arrangement looks very much like a birth-day present. A little pomp—a little mystery. There should be an inscription of some kind upon it. (*Taking it up and examining it.*) Ah! I have found it, good uncle. Here on the bottom, the last place one would expect to

find it, reads this plain English sentence, short but conclusive: "For Frederick Watson." As the house produces but one Fred, and this is doubtless a birth-day present, I forthwith proceed to open it. Delightful task, my dear good uncle. (*Opens and takes out a watch-case containing a plain silver watch.*) Here, I believe, is my brightest dream realized. Ever since Ned Waters wore a watch, I have felt that I was behind the age in not having a similar article. But stop; what is this? (*Finds in the bottom of the watch-case a slip of paper which reads thus:*)—"To him who has got up in time during the past year to have seen the sun rise three hundred and sixty-five times upon a certain little globe called the Earth." Seen the sun rise three hundred and sixty-five times. Of course I have not, and who has? or has been in a condition to do so, had this most glorious spectacle of nature been made manifest? Provoking! Vexatious! How I hate riddles and dark sayings of all kinds. My uncle is the strangest man. Of course the watch can't be mine, and he knows very well that I am not up to breakfast more than two-thirds of the time. How tantalizing! The very thing I wanted more than any thing else snatched from me at the very moment of possession. My uncle knows very well that I can't get up in the morning.

Enter LUCY.

LUCY—Knows that you can't get up in the morning?

FREDERICK—O Lu, I am so glad that you have come to help me out of this predicament. Here is a watch that ought to belong to me and doesn't.

LUCY—A predicament, indeed. (*Reads the slip of paper.*) Say good-bye to the watch, Fred, it is no more yours than mine. But never mind. Don't look so crest-

fallen, it is only one of uncle's jokes. Let us proceed to further investigation. A penknife—a beautiful penknife!

FREDERICK—Quite a timely presentation. I have not had a penknife for a month. You know I lost mine the day I went chestnuting. But stop, let me see what this says. (*Picks up a slip of paper which had fallen upon the floor:*)—"To him who has one penknife to show for the three with which he has been furnished during the past year." Well, I can't stand this much longer! I should like to toss the box out of the window!

LUCY—It is too bad, Fred; but don't be discouraged till we get to the bottom of the box. These two parcels lay on the top, and uncle likes to tease us a little.

FREDERICK—But this is more than teasing; it is insulting. I can't endure it.

LUCY—Hush! hush! Fred, you know he is the best uncle in the world. You know he does not spare time or money on us poor orphans. We have every thing to be grateful for. This is only one of his ways.

FREDERICK—(*Sullenly*)—But I don't like this way.

LUCY—But never mind, now. Let us see what this is. (*Presents to view a handsome gold pencil-case.*) What a beauty! (*Reads on the paper attached to it:*)—"To him who can give in exchange for this a silver pencil-case presented two years since."

FREDERICK—The silver pencil is up-stairs in my writing desk, is it not, Lu? I have not seen it lately; but I will pocket this, in the hope of finding its humble relative.

LUCY—Oh, that will never do. You know uncle's idea of honor. But perhaps I can help you in this emergency.

[*Slowly draws from her pocket the silver pencil and gives it to* FREDERICK.]

FREDERICK—O dearest, kindest, best of Lu's,
Of all the things I have to choose,
I'd one and all of them refuse,
Before this sister, I would lose.

LUCY—Thank you, Fred. You shall compose an ode for my birthday, and I will crown you with laurel.

FREDERICK—Agreed. But meanwhile let me see what this may be. (*Taking another package from the box.*) A book—unquestionably a book.

LUCY—Or a brick. (*Taking it in her hand.*) You know our uncle's genius for rare combinations is unrivalled. Don't be surprised at any thing this box contains. (*Opens and reads:*)—"To him who wishes to be master of the language in which Virgil sang and Cicero thundered." A Latin grammar! What do you say, Fred?

FREDERICK—I accept unhesitatingly, profiting by my cousin Frank's example, whom when he refused to study Latin, my uncle set to digging potatoes. Now, I would rather learn the twenty-six prepositions that are followed by an accusative, than hoe potatoes.

LUCY—Your decision has my unqualified approval, and in six years from this time I hope to hail you, valedictorian of your class. But, Fred, here is something worth more than all that has gone before, a miniature of your father. (*Reads:*)—"To him who would emulate the good name and fair fame of an honored father."

FREDERICK—(*Taking it eagerly from her*)—Mine by every right and title that can give claim to a possession that I prize above rubies. No blot on the escutcheon, Lu. Let this be our motto. The blessing of a good father still rests upon us, and uncle loves us because we are his good brother's children.

LUCY—Oh, don't talk in this way, Fred, or you will

make me cry, and that you know would be very improper on your birth-day.

FREDERICK—True, true, sister Lu—

So fly away sorrow!
No trouble we'll borrow,
But again to the box
Which, as sly as a fox,
Never calls any names,
Yet a moral contains.

LUCY—(*Laughing*)—O Fred, these silly rhymes!
FREDERICK— O Lu, of love they are signs!
LUCY— Signs of nonsense I should say.
FREDERICK— Not on this auspicious day!

LUCY—Incorrigible! But have you exhausted the box?

FREDERICK—They say there is an end to all things under the sun, and here, I believe, is the last article in the box. (*Holds up a purse.*)

Yes, here is a purse,
And now for the verse
Which preaches a sermon
As clear as a firman,
From Omar Pacha.

(*Opens and reads from a slip of paper:*)—"To him who can wisely appropriate the contents." A very easy matter, good uncle. (*Pockets a five-dollar gold piece.*)

LUCY—But where is your appropriation? I suppose you are expected to conform to the letter of the direction, which I think your metrical mood has led you too easily to overlook.

FREDERICK—True, my blooming sister Lu,
I see that this will never do;
Only tell me what to buy,
And in an instant I will fly
To lay it at your feet.

LUCY—Thank you. (*Makes a very low courtesy.*)

FREDERICK—Oh, I will buy you a ring like May Nelson's.

LUCY—(*Bell rings*)—Thank you, Fred; but I am afraid uncle would hardly call that a wise appropriation.

FREDERICK—Then what shall I do with it? I can spend it, or as uncle would say, throw it away, fast enough. I suppose he remembers that chattering parrot I was so lucky as to get off my hands after a week's trial. If he had only left out that troublesome adverb wisely, which interferes with the next very pleasant and agreeable word, appropriate. (*Bell rings again.*)

LUCY—Well, well! we must not wait longer now, or we may not be able to appropriate to ourselves a bite of breakfast.

[*Curtain.*]

GENTEEL AND POLITE.

CHARACTERS:—SUSY, KATY, } two little Girls.

KATY—Come right in, Susy dear, you need not be afraid of old Hector, he never bites. He's a good old dog.

SUSY—Well, he didn't look a bit pleasant. He made the queerest face, and opened his mouth as wide as he could.

KATY—Oh, that's just his way of laughing, or maybe he was gaping. Hector is getting very genteel, our Lizzie says. Don't you believe when the washer-woman's girl came in yesterday with her sun-bonnet on, and a big basket on her arm, Hector just opened his eyes wide enough to see who it was, and then never budged an inch. He

let her travel over him the best way she could. But when pretty Isabella Norton came up the steps with her pink hat, and summer silk on, and her cunning little parasol, Hector jumped up and stepped out of the way, just like a gentleman. Hector knows when people are dressed pretty, just as well as we do.

SUSY—Well, our old Brave is a more polite dog than Hector, if he isn't so genteel. Mother says politeness is a kind way of showing kind feelings. Last week poor Rushey Brown's little girl fell into the pond and there was nobody near to help her out. Our old Brave dashed in and caught her ragged dress in his teeth and brought her safe to the shore. I am sure I love a polite dog better than a genteel one, and the same of people.

KATY—But people admire you more when you are nice and genteel.

SUSY—But they love you better when you are always kind and polite. My mother says, that one can never appear very badly to others, who is always polite, and there are some genteel things that are very impolite.

KATY—What ones, I should like to know.

SUSY—Well, treating a washerwoman's girl more rudely than a nicely dressed girl. Leaving mother to work hard in the kitchen while one is all dressed up in the parlor. Not answering some poor person's question about the way, when you are riding in the cars. Taking all a seat for yourself and your satchel, when some poor person has to stand up. Such kind of things may be genteel enough, but mother says they are far from being polite, God does not love to see them, and almost every one loves better to see people obliging and polite towards others.

KATY—I am sure you are right, Susy, for nobody likes Miss Laura Steele, for all her grand, genteel ways and elegant dresses. I remember my Sabbath-school teacher

said, the best directions about polite behavior we could have was the Golden Rule. I think I shall teach Hector to be more polite than genteel in future. He is quick to learn, and always remembers his lessons. But come up to my room, Susy, and I will show you the pretty bead-mat I am making for mother's birth-day. I have to work on it, ever so slily, for fear she will see it. She almost caught me the other day, but I threw my apron over it, and she fortunately looked the other way and never noticed it. [*Exit both.*

[*Curtain.*]

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